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HOME.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

- Without, the night is chill and cold; Within the fire is bright, And shelt red in home's happy fold We dread no storm to-night.
- We see the white snow falling fast, We hear the wild winds shriek, But listening to the mournful blast, A smile is on each cheek.
- But, ah, this dreary winter night, How many wanderers roam, Who shiver at the wind's delight And know no place for home.
- God pity all the homeless ones, Wherever they may roam, And grant them, all their wanderings done, A place in God's dear home.

Happy Jack and Pard

The White Chief of the Sioux. A ROMANCE OF SPORTS AND PERILS OF POST AND PLAIN. BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

CHAPTER I.

A FRONTIER FESTIVAL.

"MAKES a feller 'most sorry fer the old Injun fashion, eh, pard! I cain't say as I ever hankered after the 'wimmen critters—they're most gen'ally bad medicine, an' they ain't many lodges big enough to hold them an' luck, too, to my notion; but when I fust lay eyes on her, I hed to fight mighty hard inside myself to keep from snatchin' her up an' makin' a tail-oneend race fer it—I did so!"

"There's another man who thinks much the same, or his eyes speak false," quietly remarked the young man addressed, with a slight nod toward the small, flag-draped platform or pavilion. "He must be a new-comer, for I never saw him before."

"They ain't many men as care to see him

"They ain't many men as care to see him twicet. Take a good squar' look an' see what you kin make out from his face."

The speakers—who are destined to figure prominently in this chronicle—were standing a little apart from the main gathering, and both were men who would attract attention in any crowd, though strong contrasts in nearly every

The first speaker was scarcely of medium hight; his limbs were small, but admirably rounded, and though at first glance he seemed effeminate, his strength, activity and wonderful skill in almost every species of athletics had long since passed into a proverb. His features were clear-cut and regular, and would have been fairly handsome only for the high explosure. high cheekbones. His face was smooth and beardless, though the hair of his head was unbeardless, though the hair of his head was unusually heavy, falling in straight black masses below his shoulders. His eyes, though rather small, were wonderfully bright and keen, and few men could meet them fairly without an unomfortable feeling of being read through and

His garments were almost severely plain, of Indian-tanned buck-skin, and minus all the fringes and beadings most men of his class are so fond of. Even his weapons were unornamented. Yet one object about him shone and sparkled in the sunlight: a beautifully-embroidered and ornamented pouch hung upon his breast—a "medicine-sack

Such was William—or "BILL COMSTOCK," the scout and guide. His career, though briefer was no less famous than that of Wild Bill or Buffalo Bill, and to this day many a rough voice grows soft, many a hard eye dims, as the memory of the true-hearted scout is recalled to mind. True as steel to a friend—bitter as death to an enemy, he died in harness, nobly performing his duty; and now lies in a nameless grave. Peace to his ashes!

His companion—known far and wide as "Happy Jack"—was rising six feet, broad-"Happy Jack"—was rising six feet, broad-shouldered, full-chested, with a round, compact waist, swelling hips and long limbs; a model of manly strength and symmetry. His complex-ion was fair, his features almost classically regular, his eyes large and deep blue. A heavy mustache shaded his lips, while a magnificent chevelure hung in yellow curls to his shoulders. His dress, like that of his partner, was mainly of buck-skin, and bore traces of recent hard

of buck-skin, and bore traces of recent hard riding and rough living.

"Unless my eyes deceive me," he said, after a steady gaze in the direction indicated by Comstock, "that man is what you rarely see—a brave tyrant. God help the man—or woman—whose only hope is in his mercy!"

"I knowed you'd see it," laughed the scout, softly. "That's Cap'n Stone, of the —th. He led his men sech a dog's life that his fri'nds managed to git him changed to this rijiment. I don't reckon he'd 'a' lived through the next scrimmage—indeed, the boys didn't make no secret of it, but said right out that he'd die from ahind, the very fust chaince that come."

"He doesn't look like a man who would run from even such a danger," thoughtfully said Happy Jack.

"No more he would—without a fa'r cause," grinned Comstock, nodding toward the pavilion. "To do him jestice, they ain't a more daredevil man, nur a better Injun-fighter then him. But thar's the little gal kin take him into

I feel sorry for her," was the scout's only

reply.

The subject of this brief conversation was seated beside a lady near the upper end of the pavilion. Tall, well-proportioned, dark and handsome, a finely-educated man with rare conversational powers, Captain Lawrence Stone was laying himself out to please the young lady beside him with an interest and arder that he made no attempt to disguise from the eyes of those around. Indeed, so impressive did his air become that the lady arose and hastily approached the edge of the pavilion nearest the crowd. Captain Stone followed, a hot flush

passing swiftly across his brow.

The unpolished though sincere praise of the scout had not been unfounded. Kate Markham, daughter of the colonel commanding, was indeed a beautiful woman. That she was barely up to



The hot blood mantled her cheek as she felt the presence of the captain at her elbow, and as though dreading what he might intend saying, Pray—who is that gentleman talking to fa-

ther Gentleman?" echoed Captain Stone, with a

recentement echoed captain stone, with a scarcely-disguised sneer. "Ah, perhaps you mean yonder fellow with the long hair?"
"I mean the gentleman with the golden curls—yes," replied Kate, with a provoking empha-

"That is Happy Jack, as men call him, a sort scout, or camp-follower, I believe. I fear ough, Miss Kate, that few would recognize of scout, your description.'

"Indeed! after such a proof of your blindness, I shall think twice before believing any more of your pretty speeches. Without exception he is the handsomest man I have seen in a year-and I'm going to ask papa for an intro-

With a mischievous laugh, Kate Markham ran lightly down the broad steps and approached her parent; but if she really had such an idea, it was frustrated. With a military salute the scout turned away and rejoined his partner.

Colonel Markham greeted his petted—if not spoiled—child with a sunny smile that partly

betrayed the deep, almost passionate love he felt for her. Another proof was to be read in the unwonted surroundings; in the draped pavilion, the gay and animated crowd, in the military band now discoursing their best music, in the soldiers who had passed in stately review be-fore the stand, each saluting the laughing, nodding and excited little beauty; all this, and all that was yet to come, was in honor of her eighteenth birthday. There was to be a general holiday—all who chose were to meet on an equal footing in the games of strength and skill, for the victors in which suitable prizes had been

Now that I have made my report, suppose you give me an idea of what all this fanfaronade means?" said Happy Jack, as he rejoined his riend, Comstock

"It's fer her, pard. She came out here—from somewhar in the States, I reckon, whar she's bin to school, or sich like. She come out here a week ago, an' the old man he 'lowed he'd show how proud he was, by givin'a ginewine prairie circus. I reckon everybody an' his yaller dog 'll be here. They's money in it, too, lettin' alone the fun.

The old man don't often git off'm his reg'lar beat, but when he do, he jist spreads hisself wide open—you hear me!" and the enthusiastic scout hurried off his friend to view the various prizes which were to be awardd to the victors in the coming sports.

For the most part these were particularly appropriate, considering the probable contestants; a beautifully-finished rifle, a brace of revolvers, a saber, a silver-mounted saddle and horse fur-niture, together with smaller prizes of money, ammunition, etc. While examining these, the two scouts were suddenly separated as two officers pressed rudely between them. The taller one pointed out the saddle, saying in a clear

"I mean to carry off that prize, and as a proof that I mean what I say, I am ready to wager one hundred dollars with any gentle-

man—"
"Money talks," quickly uttered Happy Jack,
shaking off the hand of his friend and facing
the officer. "I accept your wager, Captain

And who may you be?" insolently demanded the officer, eying the scout from head to foot.
"I said any gentleman—" I said any gentleman—"
"I claim to be one, sir, as I will cheerfully

do us the honor to hold stakes? trust you are satisfied?" he added, abruptly turning to Happy Jack.
"Perfectly," bowed the scout.

I hope you may be able to say as much by "I hope you may be able to say as much by this time to-morrow," and with a little laugh the captain strode away toward the pavilion. "You've stirred up an ugly devil, pard," earnestly said Comstock, as they turned away from the little crowd. "He's giv' his rattle; he'll not wait long afore strikin."

"At any other time or place he wouldn't have had time to do either," was the quiet reply. "He did not crowd us like that for nothing. I can't imagine his reasons, but I feel that

ing. I can't imagine his reasons, but I feel that he came here simply to pick a quarrel."

"I reckon he couldn't come to a better place fer gettin' the full wuth o' his money," grinned "I'll do my best to satisfy him, at least. But

-about this bet; what is the saddle offered The old trick—you remember the fun we down Taos way? Pluckin' the cock -el

"Old 'Paint' will do, then," muttered the

"Old 'Paint' will do, then," muttered the scout, glancing toward a curiously-spotted mustang that stood near. "I wouldn't like to trust Simoom in the scrimmage."
"You'll need a fast an' a good horse, sure. The cap'n is a born devil to ride, an' the tricks he don't know ain't wuth much. You'd better take my critter—"
"We wild "Paint' knows me better, and is old 'Paint' knows me better, and is

"No—old 'Paint' knows me better, and is plenty fresh enough. See! there goes the gallant captain with a choice companion for one who will bet only with gentlemen!"
"Injun Dan! the blackest thief unhung! I'd give a hoss to know jest what they're sayin'. Ha! I knowed it! they're goin' to saddle up. Good enough! I reckon I'll take a hand in the music."

"Then you think—"
"I think that ef Mister Injun Dan tries any o' his underhan' tricks, he'll run ag'inst a snag. I won't interfere unless he does. You never mind him, but just keep an eye on the cap'n." mind him, but just keep an eye on the cap'n."

There was no time to say more, for the signal was blown for the contestants to appear before the judge's stand, where the rules governing "El Gallo" were briefly stated. A rooster was buried in the earth, leaving only its head and neck, both plentifully besmeared with grease, above ground. The competitors, their position being decided by drawing lots, were to ride one hundred yards at full gallop, bend in the saddle and endeavor to pluck the cock from its restand endeavor to pluck the cock from its rest-ing-place with naked hand. When one succeeded, all the others were at liberty to pursue and seek to wrest the trophy from him. All maneu-vers were fair in which no weapon was used.

A post was planted one-half mile distant from the bird. This must be rounded, and then the starting-point regained. The victor would be he who carried home the live bird; or, if torn to pieces in the melee, the one who could proce the cock's head. Then the lots were drawn, and the sports began. Comstock was sixth, Happy Jack seventh, while Captain Stone was last, or the thirteenth man. None but crack riders had entered, few earing to risk their necks unless pretty confident

At the blast of a bugle the foremost rider dashed off, passing close beside the buried rooster, stooping low in the saddle and making a grasp at the bird's neck; but in vain. The cock twisted its long neck to one side, and the baf-fled horseman flushed hotly as his ears tingled with the ironical cheers of the spectators, as, acording to the rules, he swept around to assume a position in the rear of the competitors.

right hand swept the ground for several yards before the bird was reached. Then he made his grasp, aiming not for the head of the bird, but rather at the point where its neck disapared below the surface. The bird dodged but the scout's eye was true, and a shower of sand arose as Comstock, with a wild yell, swung the fowl above his head.

But as many a man before him, the scout aughed out of time. The cock's head was small it being a pet game-cock which one young but nthusiastic admirer of Miss Kate had contributed, poultry being anything but plenty at the fort—its neck thoroughly greased, and even as he gave vent to his triumph, Comstock felt the ck slip through his fingers and flutter a dozen

yards away.

The moment the judge saw that Comstock's pluck" had succeeded, he gave the signal for he trumpeter to sound the melee, and as though impelled by the same force the twelve riders sped forward. Happy Jack had the advan-tage of position, and was half-way to the spot when the game-cock went fluttering from Com-stock's hand. Then it was that both horse and rider began to display a skill and activity that called forth cheers both loud and long. Unluckily for its chances of escape, the bird had got its eyes full of sand besides being sadly

bewildered by the rough usage it had received at the hands of Comstock. Scarcely had it re-covered its feet when Happy Jack was beside it, and stooping low, firmly grasped its legs, then sped toward the distant post, with a clear,

ringing shout that thrilled the nerves of every contestant much as the "picking" of a banjo touches the springs of a darkey's heels.

Happy Jack rode in strict Indian fashion, without saddle or bridle, a scrap of buffalo-hide being securely strapped upon the spotted mustanc's back. To the stout horse-hair cirth ware tang's back. To the stout horse-hair girth were attached several stout loops, while the long mane was knotted together in a style decidedly more

useful than ornamental. The use of these devices was speedily made manifest.

With loud shouts, the contestants rushed after the scout who was steadily nearing the turning-post. To all present it seemed as though Happy Jack was urging his mustang to its highest speed, yet he was rapidly being overhauled; but then Bill Comstock grinned broadly. He read the solution of Old Paint's sudden

oss of speed.

Just before him rode the half-breed, Indian Dan, mercilessly lashing his big horse with a small coil of rawhide. On this Comstock kept his eye, believing as he did that Captain Stone had come to some understanding with the fel-low that involved foul play. And a moment later he had the reward of his vigilance. He aw the savage quickly separate the twisted soils and stoop low in the saddle as his big horse orged alongside the scout, and giving his mustang the spur, Comstock glided forward, just in time. Indian Dan cast his noosed rope at the forefoot of Old Paint, but at the same moment a strong hand grasped his foot and hurled him violently from the saddle, completely foiling his

All this had transpired quicker than words can describe, but the momentary delay was enhugh to bring up the crowd of pursuers, so exited that not one had observed Comstock's action, taking the half-breed's tumbles as one of

e natural incidents of the sport. Then it was that Happy Jack shone forth in all his glory as a consummate tactician and skilled horseman. He was surrounded upon all hands by eager horsemen, each grasping quick-ly at the fluttering cock, crowding and pressing around and bringing Old Paint almost to a standstill. Among all none seemed more eager than Bill Comstock, though one in the secret rather fight my own battles, all the same. I

would have seen that he was actually aiding Happy Jack, and urging the melee on toward the now near turning-post. Then it was that Old Paint played his part in genuine mustang style, biting, kicking and plunging furiously as the horses crowded him, all the time edging slowly but steadily toward the post. And Happy Jack—a dozen eyes could not have followed his motions. Now erect, holding the cock high above the wildly-gesticulating hands, now lying low upon Old Paint's back; again, hanging by one foot in a loop, his body almost touching the trampled sands, first on one side, then the other, and more than once slipping entirely to the ground when pressed too close; but all the time working his way toward the boundary, and never once losing his grasp upon the now loudnever once losing his grasp upon the now loud-ly-squalling cock.

Then, for the first time, he called upon Old

Then, for the first time, he called upon Old Paint, and right nobly the mustang responded, plunging ahead with an impetus that would not be denied, bursting clear through the crowd and sweeping around the boundary post, Happy Jack holding the cock aloft that all might see, then making a bold sweep over the prairie, the spotted mustang developing a burst of speed that astonished all who had rated him according to his first display.

ly relaxed, his hoofs striking fairly upon the spotted mustang's back, just where Happy Jack had been sitting an instant before, crushing him to the earth, and almost losing its own

footing.

A cry of horror arose from the gathering, as they saw the mustang go down—but then a wild, prolonged, and enthusiastic cheer arose, as they saw the scout leap from the ground and alight upon the black horse, directly behind the soldier—saw him struggle for an instant with his rival, then guide the black horse swiftly on—on to the winning post. They saw that he still held the cock, that his arms held those of Captain Stone pressed close to his side, his own hands grasping the reins and bird, as he paused before the judge, who promptly nodded his head.

Then the scout sprung lightly to the ground, with an absurdly polite bow to the almost sufficated captain, whose lips fairly frothed with rage and mortification.

CHAPTER II. WILD SPORTS OF THE PLAINS.

"GIVE me a knife—a pistol, somebody—quick!" snarled Captain Stone, fairly crazed by the loud cheers and peals of laughter that greeted the bold exploit of the scout. "Curse you! I'll tear your heart out!" and he sprung to the ground, striding toward the smiling scout, evidently bent on mischief. evidently bent on mischief.

"Here you've got it, cap'n," cried Bill Comstock, as he leaped between the two, confronting the infuriated officer with a cocked and leveled revolver. "Here's the bull-pup you was axin' fer—an' its bite means sudden death,

"That's enough, pard!" cried Happy Jack, thrusting the scout aside with a strong hand. "You mean well, but I don't need any man to fight my battles."

"Down with that weapon, Comstock! down, I say, or your arm will be one hand the shorter!" rung out a stern, commanding voice, as Colonel Markham galloped to the spot, his saber flashing brightly. "And you, Captain Stone—a fine example you are setting the men! For shame sir!" shame, sir f"
"He insulted me—it was a foul trick—"
"And how much better was your own con-

"And how much better was your own conduct—or rather, how much worse? Bah! do you think to daunt me with your black looks? I watched you closely—I saw your every movement, and had you succeeded in your attempt, a man would be lying out yonder with a broken back, instead of that poor horse. No reply, sir; consider yourself lucky that I do not order you under guard for attempted murder."
"It was but the fortune of war, colonel," interposed Happy Jack. "If I am content to pass it by, surely there need no more be said."
"If my conduct needs any defense, it will not be made through your lips," said Captain Stone.

be made through your lips," said Captain Stone suddenly recovering his usual self-possession "Lieutenant Blake, you will please cancel that debt. And now, sir," he continued, as the money staked was placed in the scout's hands,

"one word with you in private—"
"Not another word!" firmly cried Colonel
Markham. "Captain Stone, you will come with

For an instant the eager spectators believed that the captain was about to give an angry refusal, but they were disappointed. Saluting stiffly, Captain Stone followed his superior offi-

cer to the pavilion.

"I come mighty nigh playin' the fool, jist then, old man," said Comstock, "an' Fd'a' let daylight clean through the critter, ef you hadn't

don't want you to get into trouble on my account."

"I don't often cut into 'nother feller's pie, but—you'll jist laugh at me, as you've done afore—I tell you, pard, he's bad medicine! I knowed it the very fust time I saw you talkin' to him; I knowed thar'd be a diffikilty; I saw blood atween ye—the heart's blood o' one o' ye. I know you don't take no stock in sech things: but I've seen 'em proved, time an' ag'in, an' I never read the medicine wrong yet! Ef I—ef I was to ax it as a favor, wouldn't you w'ar this?' touching the gayly embroidered pouch upon his breast.

a mile or two an' bore them logs chuck-full o' lead bars—puttin' one bullet on top o' 'nother ontel they each one weighed jest half a pound. That way I got so I could shoot right peert—nur I hain't fergot how yit."

"You can handle the long bow pretty well, too," dryly remarked Colonel Markham, as he turned away.

Again the bugle sounded a change of programme, and the judge, arising, read aloud the conditions governing the contest for the next prize, which was to be awarded to the man displaying the greatest skill as marksman, with your 'ax is this 'ere the kind o' work Uncle Sam pays you sojer fellers to do! A-shootin' don't want you to get into trouble on my account."

'I don't often cut into 'nother feller's pie, but—you'll jist laugh at me, as you've done afore—I tell you, pard, he's bad medicine! I knowed it the very fust time I saw you talkin' to him; I knowed thar'd be a diffikilty; I saw blood atween ye—the heart's blood o' one o' ye. I know you don't take no stock in sech things; but I've seen 'em proved, time an' ag'in, an' I never read the medicine wrong yet! Ef I—ef I was to ax it as a favor, wouldn't you w'ar this?" touching the gayly embroidered pouch upon his breast.

"And leave you defenseless against witches and spooks? No, pard; I know you are in sober earnest, and I thank you, but at the same time you must let me go my own way. Only—I will not take any step toward settlement with this gentleman, without first consulting you."

"Good enough! We'll let it go at that. An' now—I reckon you hain't fergot the good old greesed style? Brece up on', show these blue.

now—I reckon you hain't fergot the good old greased style? Brace up, an' show these bluecoats how a true mountain man kin put on the ginewine style! Yender she is, a-lookin' straight this-a-way, to see which one o' us is the purious!

Happy Jack glanced toward the pavilion, and Happy Jack glanced toward the pavilion, and a faint flush tinged his cheek as he saw Kate Markham, seated beside her parent, but with her bright eyes unmistakably dwelling upon himself. Acting upon an impulse, he plucked several long feathers from the cock's back and bound them together with a slender curl of hair which he severed from his head with a knife. Then, releasing the cock, he sprung lightly up the pavilion steps and advanced toward the little group of ladies, uncovering his head as he did so. More than one dainty cheek flushed, and more than one heart fluttered with unwont-ed rapidity as the tall, handsome scout paused

Markham, unheeding the bitter curse that hissed through the grating teeth of the officer beside him. "'Tis a compliment you may well be proud of-a trophy gallantly won against such

And as a token that I do fully appreciate the compliment—though there are many ladies here far more worthy the honor—I beg you to accept this favor, Sir Knight—and may you bear it to victory in whatever you undertake," cried Kate, her roguishly-laughing eyes belying the mock solemnity of her face, as she took the scarlet ribbon from her hair and pinned it

I will uphold it with my life, lady," quietly replied Happy Jack, but there was a steady glow in his large eyes that caused the fair cheek to burn and tingle long after the scout had bowed low and quitted the stand.

"Three cheers fer the cock o' the walk!" yell-

"Three cheers fer the cock o' the walk!" yelled a shrill voice, as Happy Jack sprung lightly to the ground, and a queer-looking figure mounted upon as queer a horse, flung his greasy hat high into the air, and led the wild chorus with an ear-splitting screech that would have shamed the wildest wall of a bagpipe. "Hurray fer hur— Whoa! ye or 'nary brute—whoa!"

Evidently half-distracted with the uproar—for the band struck up at the same moment—

Evidently half-distracted with the uproarfor the band struck up at the same moment—the huge, rawboned brute upon which the stranger was mounted began to plunge, back and kick as though desirous of instituting a circus wholly upon its own hook.

"Hurray fer—dog-gone the pesky critter! whoa! Thar, now—I say! don't somebody want to buy a hoss? Warranted sound as a dollar, an' centler nor a lamb—no bad tricks—

want to buy a hoss? Warranted sound as a dollar, an' gentler nor a lamb—no bad tricks—Wall, I ber-durned!" he spluttered, as the animal's heels went up and its master turned a somersault in the air alighting fair and square upon his feet, still holding the reins.

"How are you, lamb!" snickered a soldier.

"Thet's the way I al'ays git off whenever I'm in a hurry," grinned the stranger. "Now, jest take a squint at thet 'ar gelorious animule! Ain't he a pictur' fit fer framin' an' hangin' on the wall fer ye to look at whenever ye feel lonely an' downhearted? I tell you, gentlemen, they ain't money enough in this 'ere gelorious kentry to buy one side o' thet noble critter—no, sir !"

You traveled in the night, coming here, didn't you, stranger?"
"Part way, yes," was the reply, slightly puz-

"I knew it! If you hadn't, the crows 'd 'a'
picked you up afore you got half-way!"
"I knowed a young feller oncet thet tried to make fun o'a old man an' his hoss, an' afore night he tuck sick an' died," solemnly said the

stranger. "Folks do say he was too durned smart, an' it jest sorter struck in an' he died. But, don't send fer the doctor jest yit, young feller—I don't reckon you'll go under thet way!"

Tall and gaunt, the stranger bore his age with no other trace of decay than in his long hair and heavy beard of snow-white hue. His garments

heavy beard of snow-white hue. His garments would have disgraced a scarecrow, so patched and ragged were they; though the brace of revolvers in his belt, the short, heavy rifle that he bore, were evidently of the finest pattern, and richly ornamented with silver and gold.

"I've seen him afore, somewhar," muttered Bill Comstock to his friend, and, low as his tones were, the stranger must have caught them, for he instantly uttered:

them, for he instantly uttered:

"I've bin thar more times than you kin count, pard. Take a good, squar' look an' see ef you cain't place me. No?" as the scout slowly shook his head with a puzzled air. "Sich is life! what's the use o' livin' when a feller's fergotten afore he's remembered? Not a durned bit! But that don't matter, jest now. When's the circus goin't o onen un aging. They incharacter. the circus goin' to open up ag'in! I'm in a hur ry to git back to the ole women an' children—' ry to git back to the ole women an' children—'f any o' you fellers is married you don't want to ax the reason why. Whoa! thar—you Prickly P'ar—whoa! Somebody ketch holt an' hold his hind feet, thar!" squealed the stranger, as his horse began dancing nervously around at the sound of the bugle.

As those who were acquainted with the programme know this was the signal for the flow

gramme knew, this was the signal for the first contest at shooting—confined to the soldiers, with military rifles. The target was the ordinary circular one, placed two hundred yards distant, each man having three shots off-hand, for suitable price. for suitable prizes. The competition was of lit tle interest save to those more immediately concerned, and to the stranger, who kept those around him in high spirits by his quaint re

That war purty fa'r shootin'," he said, pres ing into the crowd that surrounded the flushed winner of the first prize. "Purty fa'r shootin',

"Can you do better?" hotly exclaimed the soldier.
"I don't know how it 'd be with one o' then things," eying the military rifle curiously "But I wouldn't mind tryin' of it, ef so be the boss 'd agree. Jest fer fun, ye know. I could n't bet nothin', 'cause I b'long to the church-leastways, my old woman does."

"You shall have a trial, my friend," laughed Colonel Markham; "and if you succeed in beating Fletcher's score, I'll duplicate the prize he

"I den't ax nothin' I don't win fa'r," bluntly replied the old man, accepting the proffered rifle and striding to the score.

rifie and striding to the score.

The eager spectators saw that he was no novice with the rifie, and when his three shots were fired, a dozen sped away to fetch the target. The old man smiled grimly as a low murnur of wonder ran through the crowd when the result was seen; the three bullets had completely cut out the center of the target, leaving a triangular hole as perfectly outlined as though drawn with a compass.

drawn with a compass.
"I'd 'a' putt them all in one, ondly I knowed some o' you fellers'd sw'ar I missed the hull signboard," chuckled the stranger. "Anybody could do that!"

You don't mean you could do better?" "Mebbe not—only I do know this: I was hired oncet at a shot-tower fer to make bars o' lead. Powder was plenty, an' they was heaps o' pine logs layin' round loose, so I'd jest go off lead. Bill Comstock to his friend, as they left the

vell be passed over in silence.
Bill Comstock and Happy Jack—the latter mounted upon Simoom, a magnificent blood-bay stallion, worth a king's ransom—rode forth upon the level plain where their maneuvers night be unhampered, and separating, began sweeping around in a circle, keeping directly opposite each other, and divided by about fifty ards of space. As in the game of el gallo, appy Jack rode in strict Indian fashion, while stock used saddle and bridle. The former

Comstock used saddle and bridle. The former bore a stout bow and quiver full of arrows; the latter his revolvers, while a small round Indian shield of buffalo-hide was upon his .eft arm.

At a swift, steady gallop the horses circled around, then Happy Jack suddenly disappeared behind his steed's body. The spectators heard a sharp twang, and an arrow flashed from beneath the blood-bay's belly, aimed with deadly force direct at Comstock's heart. One moment force direct at Comstock's heart. One moment later the scout's pistol spoke sharply. As he cir-cled around, facing the crowd, a loud cheer arose before them with a low, deep bow that was grace itself, but then Happy Jack bent his knee before Kate Markham and placed the tuft of feathers gently upon her lap.

"Ay! accept it, Kate!" heartily cried Colonel "Ay! accept it, Kate!" heartily cried that hissdrama, flying swifter and swifter around the circle. The arrows were sped oftener and at shorter intervals, but the eagle eyed, steel-nerved scout was equal to the emergency and each time the small shield was interposed, until it fairly bristled with arrows. Now hanging by one arm through the knotted mane, now dangling by one foot, his head almost sweeping the sand, Happy Jack discharged his arrows with a skill that was little short of marvelous; with a skill that was little short of marvelous; not one of them but would have carried death to his adversary but for the dextrously-managed shield. Then the last arrow was sped, Comstock fired his twelfth bullet, and rising erect the two scouts galloped back to the judge's stand. Comstock handed him the shield, in which briefled trenty-four arrows; not one had been bristled twenty-four arrows; not one had been missed. Happy Jack passed up his broad-brimmed sombrero, in the crown of which could be counted twelve distinct holes. Until now the spectators had fancied Comstock had fired at

random, since their movements had been so rapid that no one noticed when Happy Jack would thrust the hat above his horse's back. "I reckon you fellers 'll hev to 'vide that rifle reactor you reflers in feet to vide that rine round atween ye," grinned the old man, heartily adding his congratulations to the rest. "I'm gittin' most too old to play sech tricks as them, an' ef I was to try, like enough Prickly P'ar, thar, 'd set up a circus on his own hook an' spile

thar, 'd set up a circus on his own hook an' spile the hull thing.'

"A game is never lost until it is played out, stranger," replied Happy Jack. "Your eye is as keen and your hand as true as it ever was, and if you can repeat your score with that clumsy blunderbuss, you should be able to show us something even better with such a weapon as you carry."

you carry."
"It's the one I used to make lead bars with," "It's the one I used to make lead bars with," chuckled the stranger. "She kin speak thirty times without stoppin' fer breath, an' never tell a lie through the hull sarmon. No, I won't back out, seein' I've shipped in, but you fellers mustin't laugh ef the old man don't pan out as well as ye 'spected," and he glided off toward the pavilion, where he quickly found what he required—a broad board some eight feet long, which he shouldered and marched out upon the prairie for a few score yards, when, by the aid of his knife, he soon planted the board firmly in the ground, standing on end.

the ground, standing on end.

Then he uttered a sharp whistle, and a wretched-looking Indian shambled heavily toward him. After a moment's conversation, the ward him. After a moment's conversation, the stake yonder—and return; his black against the stake yonder—and return; his black against Simoon."

Somebody count out five, jest about like a clock would tick," cried the stranger, taking his

The judge complied, each word being drowned by he sharp explosion of the old man's rifle—an "Evans," by the way.
"That's the fust act," cried the stranger, with a low laugh. "Somebody go see whar them bullets hit.

The judge himself, restraining the eager crowd, hastened to inspect the target. He found a bullet-hole at the end of the Indian's thumb and each finger, planted with such skill that one-sixteenth of an inch nearer would have

placed his back to the board, standing erect, and uttered a clear cry. At the signal the rifle was leveled and discharged so rapidly that the reports seemed blended in one long roll. I ain't much at writin' with a pen, but I'm

As soon as the target was clear, the Indian

' cried the marksman, with a shrill, reckless laugh.

Pale and excited, the judge returned from inspecting the target.

"I must protest against such a reckless risk of life, colonel," he exclaimed. "I found the marks of those twenty shots ranged around the Indian's head so closely that they must have fairly grazed his skin!"

"Ax the red skin of thar was any danger, boss," grinned the stranger. "Ax him, an' he'll tell you he'd stan' up all day at twice the distance fer a quart o' whisky."

"That may be, but if there is any more such

exploits to come, there must be another judge. As it is—though you refuse to give your name, I must award you the prize. There is nothing that can approach your display—either in steadiness of nerve or skill."

"You want my name—the hull on it'd be mouthful hig enough to choke a rough but I'll."

mouthful big enough to choke a mule, but I'll jest show ye the 'nitials; the rest kin wait fer jest show ye the minals; the rest kin wait fer the next prize I win," and with another pecu-liar laugh the stranger discharged both revol-vers in rapid succession at the board; and when it was brought in, the board bore two letters formed by twelve bullet-holes; the letters "L.

NEW ACTORS ON THE STAGE.
As it was now considerably past the meridian, and all was in readiness, Colonel Markham gave and all was in readiness, Colonel Markham gave the signal, and gallantly offering his arm to Mrs. Major Mackintosh, led the way to the re-freshment tables, which were placed at the northern wall of the fort, covered from the sun's rays by an ample canvas ceiling. Despite the general relaxation of discipline—for that occasion only—there were different tables for the different ranks; the officers and their ladies dining by themselves, far enough removed from the larger tables not to be much disturbed by the rather boisterous merriment of the "boys in blue" and their companions. The "spread" was one that did the colonel honor; he had spared neither pains nor expense, and, if possible, he stood higher than ever in the estimation of his men when that board was cleared—as it was, with astonishing celerity. True, there were a few grumbling remarks at the officers having an unlimited supply of liquor, while they, the privates, were allowed but one dram; but the majority fully recognized the widers. but the majority fully recognized the wisdom of

prize, which was to be awarded to the man displaying the greatest skill as marksman, with whatever weapon he might select. There was to be no particular target, no set rules governing the competition.

Prominent among the entries were the two scouts and the stranger, and, as the interest of all the spectators became centered in the doings of these three, the feats of the others may as well be passed over in silence.

"Scarcely," laughed Happy Jack. "This is

"Scarcely," laughed Happy Jack. "This is a holiday, thanks to Colonel Markham and his fair daughter. I'm afraid you would soon grow disgusted with serving in the ranks—though, unless I am mistaken, you would shine as a

"Which is her?" asked the stranger, after he had borrowed a light of Comstock. "You see I'm a stranger in these parts, an' when I come down, my old woman she made me promise to

down, my old woman she made me promise to find out everything, so I could tell her all about the doin's when I got back ag'in."

Happy Jack pointed out Miss Markham as the gay party abandoned the table for the pavilion.

"A right peert lookin' gal!" muttered the stranger, following Kate's graceful motions with a strangely intent gaze. "I reckon they lied when they said she was gwine to ride in the race this arternoon?" race this arternoon?"

race this arternoon?"

"Eyes open, pard!" hastily muttered Comstock. "Thar's snakes around!" and he slightly nodded his head toward the figure of Captain Stone, who was slowly approaching them. Happy Jack arose to his feet as the officer paused before him. Though unusually pale, the captain had lost all trace of his mad rage and mortification and when he spoke his voice was

ortification, and when he spoke his voice was calm and even.
"Will you favor me with half a dozen words in private, Mr.—"

in private, Mr.—"
"You can call me Happy Jack, captain. As for the rest, I am entirely at your service. Gentlemen, will you oblige us?"
With one warning glance, Comstock turned away, together with the stranger, but though he passed beyond ear-shot, he kept close enough to witness all that transpired.
"I know what you entiring to said Stone."

to witness all that transpired.

"I know what you anticipate," said Stone, quietly; "but that is not my object just at present. I was obliged to pass my word to Colonel Markham, or else be placed under guard. I did pledge it, for this one day. I see you understand me. Now listen. There is no need of beating 'round the bush. I took an intense dislike to you at the first sight of your face, and I know that you do not exactly love me. Just why we need not inquire. You defeated me once. I ask another chance, You have a noble horse, and I have another. I challenge you to ride against me this afternoon. If I lose, you may name the forfeit; if I win, I will claim the same right. Do you agree?"

may name the forfeit; if I win, I will claim the same right. Do you agree?"

"To ride the race? yes; but I prefer that the stakes be named beforehand," quietly responded Happy Jack. "As you know, I am a simple scout, and my pay—"

"What I ask will not break you," interrupted Stone, with a harsh, forced laugh. "It is a mere fancy of mine—that knot of ribbons upon your breact."

'I thought as much! No, Captain Stone, you

haven't wealth enough to stake against this, even though you flung your own life in the balance against it."

ance against it."

"A noble guardian for a lady's favor!"sneered the officer. "The ribbon should have been snow-white, to match the heart it covers!"

"You have said more than enough, Captain Stone," sternly uttered the scout. "Hands are tied here, but repeat those words to-morrow, and I will cram them down your lying throat!"

"You shall have the chance—then it is agreed?" he added, in a changed tone, as he caught sight of Colonel Markham hastening toward the spot. "Colonel, you will be witness? ward the spot. "Colonel, you will be witness? This gentleman and I have agreed to run our horses, the winner to take both."

"I am glad it is no more," was the hearty re-ly. "I was afraid your hot heads were carry-ng you too far. I will act as judge—though am sorry for you, captain. Nothing short of chtning on four feet can touch glorious old

"And I would rather go afoot the rest of my ife, than to ride a horse that owns a superior," aughed Stone. Shall it be decided at once, or after the other

"Just as this gentleman prefers," replied the officer.
"If left to me, I say the sooner the better.
that I have been in the sad

You know, colonel, that I have been in the saddle for three days past, nor have I closed my eyes since night before last. Naturally

my eyes since night before last. Naturally enough I feel somewhat tired and sleepy."
"Very well; get your animals ready. I will postpone the other races for a few minutes."
Happy Jack quickly informed Comstock of all that had passed between himself and the captain, then saddled and bridled his bloodbay, riding over to the judge's stand, where Colonel Markham declared the conditions of the race. The contestants were to run to the post which served as boundary in the game of el galthey were to turn the post from right to ft, then back home, the first comer to possess both horses.

At the word, both animals darted away At the word, both animals darted away swift as arrows fresh from the bow, stretching out long and low as their sinewy limbs devoured the space, eying each other in fiery rivalry; thundering on, with every nerve strained to its utmost tension; but then Simoom gradually fell back—back until his hot breath found the big blacks flenk and Centain Stone turned his head black's flank, and Captain Stone turned his head for one swift, backward glance, a sneering smile

or one swift, backward glance, a sneering smile curling his mustached lip.

Happy Jack uttered a low laugh; he also was content, for he knew that the game lay in his own hands. He knew that Simoom was the black horse's master, and was too fond of the noble stallion to run the slightest unnecessary risk. He had already seen how unscrupulous the officer was when his evil passions were aroused, and knew too how easy it would be for the and knew, too, how easy it would be for the outside rider to crush his adversary against the post in turning around it—an "accident" that could be plausibly explained, where both parties had so much at stake.

Steadily the black horse drew shead until he was fairly clear, and the turning roost was allowed.

Steadily the black horse drew ahead until he was fairly clear, and the turning-post was close at hand. Happy Jack pulled Simoom to the right, making a far wider sweep than Captain Stone was attempting, and turning smooth and evenly, while the big black lost its stride and nearly fell as the iron hand of its master wheeled him short around the post.

Then the scout slackened his rein and spoke to Simoom. Right callantly the hay responded

Then the scout slackened his rein and spoke to Simoom. Right gallantly the bay responded, running low and level, but with the wonderful stride of a grayhound at full speed. A bitter curse broke from Captain Stone's lips, and he drove his spurs rowel deep into the black's ribs; but the fates were against him. Foot by foot, yard by yard, the blood-bay forged ahead, and Happy Jack landed him a winner, "hands down," by fifty yards, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the grown. Happy Jack landed him a winner, "hands down," by fifty yards, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the crowd.

Livid with suppressed rage, Captain Stone dismounted, and led the panting black up to the

"You have won the race, here is the horse; take him, he is yours," said Captain Stone, in a

low, strained voice. "He is a noble animal, and deserves better fare than he would receive at my hands, a poor scout. Oblige me by keeping him, captain," courteously said the scout.

"Do I understand you to say that you refuse

to accept the wager you have fairly won?" said

Stone, his cheek flushing.

"If you will allow me. The honor of defeating such an animal is ample reward."

"Give me room—stand aside there," harshly gried Stone, as he wheeled the black and led

him a few yards distant.

Then, before any one could divine his purpose, he thrust a revolver against the poor brute's ear, and fired. The horse fell dead, with scarcely a struggle, and Captain Stone strode swiftly to the fort, and disappeared within its gates.

Perhaps it was the wisest move he could make, for many were the hot speeches made by the indignant spectators of the brutal deed, and few present but openly declared that the nobler brute of the two had suffered a fate far more befitting the other. Then the carcass was drag-ged away, and the regular races began. Neither of the two scouts entered, but the stranger did, and once more he astonished the natives. His gaunt big-boned, crooked-limbed horse showed a turn of speed that astonished all, and its ungainly rider exhibited a specimen of jockeying that would have opened the eyes of many a profes-sional rider. There were three heats, over the same course as that ridden by the two men; half a dozen men rode in each heat, and it was arranged that the winners of each heat were to run an extra course, to decide the first, second, and third prizes; but this was obviated, by the stranger taking the three straight heats with apparent ease.

The old man seemed fairly wild with joy, and

many were the wonderful tales he told of what Ebenezer, his horse, could do; nor had he concluded when the ladies reappeared, ready mounted for the concluding sport of the day. Two powerful grayhounds were held in leash, while a couple of soldiers, each bearing a box trap, ran out upon the level plain, pausing some two hundred yards in advance. Each tra contained a full-grown "jack rabbit"—the prai rie substitute for a fox.

Kate Markham was mounted upon a clean-limbed, fiery little chestnut, and bewitchingly charming she looked in the saddle—as Happy Jack caught himself acknowledging. Close be-side him rode the forlorn-looking red-skin, who had acted as the old man's target. The stran-

had acted as the old man's target. The stranger, himself, kept well in the crowd, his horse prancing and plunging like an overgrown colt. Then the word was given—the traps were sprung; out leaped the "mules," and with the unleashed grayhounds in pursuit, darted away like two white-tailed comets. With a joyous, ringing "view hallool" the excited riders spurred after, eager to be in at the death. But not all. The big horse, ridden by the stranger, seemed to have taken a sudden disinclination to run, and began a series of pranc-

clination to run, and began a series of prancings, directly in front of Kate, who was forced to fairly rein in her horse. Happy Jack turned to aid her, when the savage, who had kept by his side, dealt him a furious blow upon the head that knocked him clean from the saddle, then that knocked him clean from the saddle, then hastened toward the maiden. At the same moment the stranger grasped her bridle-rein and urged her horse at right angles to the chase, heading direct for the hills, little more than a half-mile distant. Kate uttered a sharp cry of indignant surprise, but before she could do more, the Indian was beside her and his strong hand held her forcibly in the saddle. held her forcibly in the saddle.

The shriek was heard, and cries of wondering surprise came from the hunting-party. Turning his head, the stranger uttered a long, ringing yell, then rode swiftly on.

A prolonged echo came from the hills; then, from another wooded defile, dashed a horseman, followed by another, and another—yelling and hooting, flourishing rifles and lances, riding straight toward the almost defenseless fort. (To be continued.)

THE SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

TO M. BY MARIE S. LADD.

Dear friend, I clasp your hand;
The hand as tender as 'tis ever strong,
And sit you by my fire, while you inspire
My pen to write a cheerful winter song

I know the earth is white, and very chill; A moment since, it seemed to me so drear That summer-birds and flowers came but with So far away their wings we could not hear.

It seemed I could not wait amid the snows, Within this chilly hush, for spring's first blush,
But now it is as naught—the north-wind's
breath!

Then 'tis not all the seasons that impress: Not wintry frosts, nor yet the summer dew; Not mountain gales, nor the soft air of vales: All days are bright, my friend, if spent with you

Marian's Situation.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS

"IT's very unfortunate! It was very thought ess in poor Edward not to leave us better provided for. If he had only listened to me, now! whimpered Mrs. Chester, giving her crape flounces a shake, and applying her cambric hand kerchief to her eyes.

"I suppose my brother thought he was using his means to the best advantage," answered Mr. Rufus Chester, who had come down to see what could be done for his brother's widow and daughters. And Mr. Chester mentally added: "If it had not been for you and your extravagance, madam, he would have died better off."

"We have the house left, mamma," said the younger daughter, sweet, brown-eyed Marian. "Yes. But we can't eat the house, nor yet wear it, that I know of," returned Mrs. Chester, stiffly. What we are to do for food and clothes

'I'm willing to do anything honest," said Ma-"You'll have to do something, I suppose," said uncle Rufus. "How about you, Bell?"
Miss Bell frowned disdainfully, and answered,

I don't know. I wasn't brought up to "Ah, no! We didn't expect this!" sighed Mrs. Chester, again applying her cambric handker

"It has come, however," said uncle Rufus, yly. "And must be met somehow. What do you propose, sister Harriet?" Ah, I can't propose anything!" sighed Mrs. ester. "I'm too broken down. My poor

girls! I never expected to see them come to We must take a practical view of the matter, Harriet," quietly returned uncle Rufus. "I am willing to lend a helping hand in anything

you propose."
"Why not take what little we have and start a fancy store! Bell and I could tend it!" cried Marian, eagerly, her bright eyes sparkling with

"Oh, horrible! A little shopkeeper! I'd die first!" cried Bell, curving her red lips, scorn-And Mrs. Chester said: "Marian, I'm surprised you could think of de-ending to that."

While uncle Rufus said not a word. "But we must do something," persisted Marian. "Can't you teach, Bell?" "I couldn't stand a "No!" whined Bell! "I couldn't stand a dirty schoolroom and the horrid, noisy young

ones."
"Music, then?" suggested Marian. "You play

know of anything I could do, uncle? Stay in a store, or a picture gallery, or sew for somebody? Why, I'd rather be a waiter-girl in a restaurant than be idle!"

Mrs. Chester and Bell both cried out in horror at Marian's bold declaration, but she only fought the karder for her right.

"I would! It's better than starving or being dependent on mamma! I'll do any honest

"Very well, since you are so willing you deserve success," said uncle Rufus, rising to go. "I'll look about up-town, Marian, and find something for you to do. I'll let you know as soon as I hear of a situation."

as I hear of a situation."

"Oh, thank you, uncle! I'll be so glad if you will take that much trouble."

"It's no trouble, child. It is both my duty and my pleasure to help you. Well, Bell, shall and my pleasure to help you. Well, Bell, shall I hunt up something for you, too?"

"No, I thank you, uncle. I have an invitation to spend the summer and travel with Mrs. Garnet, and I think I'll take it, though I don't like her. It may lead the way to better chances."

Very well, please yourself," said uncle Ru-

fus, somewhat coldly, guessing that Bell's "bet-ter chances" meant making a rich match if she could, to escape from work could, to escape from work.

No sooner was he gone than Bell burst out:

"The mean, stingy old curmudgeon! To offer
to find us work, when he just rolls in money,
and not a soul to use it but himself and aunt
Janet! I didn't expect anything less than his
offering a home to at least one of us!"

"Oh, Bell, we couldn't go, if he did!" said
Marian. "We couldn't be altogether dependent!"

ent!"
"Couldn't we? Well, just let him offer me a room in that big house, and a finger in his pocket, and I'd see if one of us couldn't, anyhow!" retorted Bell, as she flounced off to her

own room.

The mail that evening brought Marian a hasty note from uncle Rufus. It ran thus: "Dear Marian:—I have found a situation which I think will just suit you. It is to be a sort of companion to an elderly lady in frail health, who wishes to travel this summer—Niagara, White Mountains, and all that stuff—and cannot go alone. She is not hard to please, is rich, and you can name any salary you please. Situation open at once. If you accept, pack your traps and come up by the early train to-morrow. I will meet you at the ferry, and take you to the place.

"A 'sort of companion!" A sort of servent.

"A 'sort of companion!' A sort of servant-maid! Marian, you sha'n't stir one step!" cried Bell, when the note was read, her eyes flashing

with anger.

"Sha'n't I?" said Marian, coolly. "I rather think I shall! Why, it's just what I longed, and dared not hope for! To travel with an elaborated are the same and the same and the same are the same and the same are th "She'll be old, and ugly as sin, and cross as forty bears!" cried Bell.
"Will she? Well, let her! I'm young and strong, and good-natured! You can't scare me, Bell!"

"But, Marian, think a minute! If I go with Mrs. Garnet, we shall be apt to meet at some of the watering-places. Think how I should feel to recognize a maid-servant as my sister!" "You needn't recognize me at all; I won't bother you," returned Marian, coolly. "Anyhow, you would be eating the bread-and-butter of dependence on a woman you despise, and I should be earning my own, so mine will be the sweetest. Oh! I'm going! I know my poor old lady needs somebody to be good to her, and I'm in a hurry to see her. And think, Bell!—the salary! I have so many nice clothes, I shall hardly need anything for a long time. I can send nearly all of it home to mamma! Won't that be nice?" But, Marian, think a minute! If I go with

I suppose you think so," returned Bell, un-

"Oh, indeed I do! I'm going straight to 'pack my traps,' as uncle Rufus says, and begin busi-ness to-morrow! I declare I am as happy as a "'You're a little fool," snapped Miss Bell, as Marian hastened away to her packing. Uncle Rufus was on the look-out for Marian's

bright face, in the throng which poured over the wharf from the early boat.

"I thought you'd come!" was his greeting.
"Of course I would," said Marian. "I'm all impatience to see my dear old lady."
"Who?" asked uncle Rufus, looking puzzled.
"My old lady. The one I'm to live with.
You haven't told me her name yet."
"Oh! yes of course!" and wells. Bufus level. "Oh! yes, of course!" and uncle Rufus laughed merrily.

"My carriage is waiting, so come along. I'll give orders for an express to bring your trunk," said uncle Rufus, as he led her to his carriage and seated her inside.

During her father's life a few visits had been

made to her uncle's family, but as Mrs. Chester had no great affection for Miss Janet Chester, who lived with her brother and presided over his household, and whom Mrs. Edward Chester called "stiff" and "prim," these visits had been like angels' visits, few and far between. Still, Marian knew the house, and when they stopped before it she asked:

"Are we going to your house first, uncle? Does aunt Janet expect me?" "Yes, she expects you. Go right in," said uncle Rufus.
"I'll go in, but I can't stop long. I told you I was all impatience to see my dear old lady," said

Marian.

"Oh, yes, so you did," said uncle Rufus, laughing again. "Well, she is here; you can see her at once." But when they entered the elegant parlor Marian saw only the calm, pale face of aunt Janet, who greeted her most kir dly. And the greeting over, Marian looked at her uncle "Now, where ic..."

Your old lady? Right here—here she is," "Your old lady? Right here—here she is," leading Miss Janet up to her as he spoke.
"What—aunty!" began Marian.
"Yes, aunty! Isn't she an elderly lady? And doesn't she need a dear companion worse than anybody? Will I let her go off this summer with a paid hireling? No, I won't! But, child, we are lonely, and we do need a dear child for company. You'll stay with us and be our daughter. Marian?"

ter, Marian?" "But, uncle, to be dependent on you?"

"No, Marian! If it were a question of payment your little acts of care and kindness for your aunt would make your services demand a your aunt would make your services demand a large price. But, as it is, your loving companionship is beyond price. Your allowance of pocket-money, however, will be a hundred dollars a month, and more if you need it, and you are to do just what you please with it. Come, Marian, we need you so much! Stay with us and brighten this dreary old house for us, won't you?"

Aunt Janet added her gentle entreaties, and

Aunt Janet added her gentle entreaties, and Marian was soon won to promise to be the adopted daughter of their old age.

"I own I did go down yesterday to ask Bell'to come, because she was the oldest," said uncle Rufus, "but what I saw of both of you decided me that you, Marian, would make us the happiest. We will try to make you happy, too, dear, and you shall help mother and Bell as much as you please."

And so Marian accepted the situation, and when she met Bell at the Profile House with Mrs. Garnet, Bell was not at all afraid to recognize her sister, because, instead of being a "servant-maid," Marian had a maid with her, and vant-maid," marian had a maid with her, and Bell was without, and poor, disappointed Bell would gladly have exchanged her situation for Marian's.

WHEN Louis XI. was sick, in order to relieve the sadness of his mind, a nobleman thought of teaching a pig to dance, and bringing it before him. It was not long before a pig could hop about very well to the sound of a bagpipe. They "I might take two or three scholars, if they came to me," replied Bell. "I could never go out like a common teacher."

"What do you propose to do yourself, Marian?" asked uncle Rufus, suddenly.

"Anything," was the prompt response. "But I would prefer some situation in the city, there are so many workers here already. Do you

-E--- WAR WARDAY RUMBNAU.-E-

AN IDYL OF THE PAST.

BY WILLI M TENNYSON HEATON.

The sunset kissed the yellow hill, In the va e the first star shone, Twilight shrouded cliff and mill, And darkened hall and home.

From o'er the wave the vesper bell Rung forth the hour of prayer— On the tower the moonlight feil, And on the stony stair. The wind swept up the river plain-

A gentle summer breeze—
A gentle summer breeze—
Crept along the winding lane,
And o'er the dewy leas.
Around my heart the shadows fell—
Only a word I said;
But sadder seemed that last farewell
Than a farewell to the dead!

Wife or Widow?

ETHELIND ERLE'S ENEMY.

BY RETT WINWOOD. AUTHOR OF "A GIRL'S HEART," "A DANGEROUS WOMAN," "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI. INVESTIGATIONS. "A moment stop! my lord, my lord, Spare him—I kneel to you and wet the ground With tears." —BARRY CORNWALL.

Poor Dolores passed an anxious and sleeple night after the committal of her husband for trial.

About nine o'clock the next morning, having dressed herself in a suit of plain black, and put on her bonnet and shawl, she was about to leave the house when Aunt Jerry stalked out of the drawing-room, and planted herself directly in the way.
"Where are you going?" she demanded, in a

"To visit my husband," Aunt Jerry drew herself up with an angry

Your husband!" she sneered. "That wretch is no more your husband than I am. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dolores Gloyne."

Dolores bit her lip, and made an effort to pass on; but again she was intercepted. "Stay where you are, you rebellious child. With my consent, you shall never pass out of that door bound on such a reprehensible er-

"It is my duty to go," said Dolores, gently but firmly. "Please stand aside."
"Duty!" shrieked Aunt Jerry. "It is your duty to yield obedience to those who are older and wiser than yourself. Go back to your

room, miss. I cannot. My husband expects me; I must "I forbid you to go."

"But you have no authority to control my actions. I owe submission to none save my God and my dear husband."

Aunt Jerry trembled with passion.
"Girl, is it your deliberate purpose to defy me?" she raved.

No, I have no wish to do that," said Dolores,

"No, I have no wish to do that," said Dolores, still speaking in a calm and gentle voice, though there was a flash of fire in her brilliant dark eyes. "But you should not usurp authority that does not rightfully belong to you. If you do, I have no resource but to rebel."

There was a silence. Suddenly Aunt Jerry caught hold of the girl's hand—her own was cold as ice—and saving "Come with me," in a dry, hard voice, drew her forward into the drawing-room. All that was mortal of Egbert Challoner lay there waiting for the last sad rites, which were to be performed at a later hour of that same day. The burial had been postponed as long as possible that Raymond might be present and superintend arrangements himself.

Aunt Jerry drew the shrinking girl close up the coffin, which stood in the middle of the

darkened room.

"Look there!" she said, in a raised voice, unvovering the face of the dead. "Look at your
poor, murdered grandfather, and then go to the
wretch who assassinated him if you have the heart to do it!

Dolores burst into tears.
"Don't, Aunt Jerry. You shock and distress
ae. My burden is heavier than I can well bear, already

Struggling clear of those relentless hands, Dolores hurried back to the hall, and sinking on a chair, gave way to a perfect storm of sor-

You do feel ashamed of yourself-that is evident," said Aunt Jerry, grimly, for she had followed the girl out.
"No, it isn't that. But a trouble like this is so horrible. Sometimes I almost give way. But Vincent is innocent of poor grandpapa's death! Did I not believe this from the depths of my soul

I should shrink from him in as great horror as "Poor fool! Did not the murdered man's very last words fix the crime upon that vil-

"It was a mistake—a dreadful mistake," shivered poor Dolores. "There was no light in the room, and grandpapa must have taken some one else for Vincent." Poor deluded fool!"
I would stake my life on his innocence, and

have told him so."
"You intend to cling to him in spite of everything?"

"Mad girl! It is a wonder that your murder-ed relative does not rise out of his coffin to re-

Dolores resolutely wiped away her tears "Appearances are very much against my husband," she said, very low. "But that is no reason why I should condemn him. Some day, this mystery will be cleared up, and I shall try to be patient until that time comes."

And before Aunt Jerry could reise another objection, Dolores had quietly stepped past, and left the house.

Like all gentle, loving women, she listened not to the voice of reason, but to that of her heart. In spite of the damning evidence against him, it was simply impossible for her to believe Vincent guilty of the heinous crime laid to

She found him pacing the floor of his cell, pale but ealm. He had already had an interview with Mr. Nolan, the attorney who had been secured to defend him, and the man had just gone away with the frank admission that the case promised to be the most difficult one he had ever handled.

At the sight of his wife, however, the prisoner attempted to banish every appearance of concern from his manner and countenance; and

embracing her, said cheerfully:
"You come into my cell like a sunbeam, Do-"You come into my cell like a sunbeam, Dolores, only you are much more welcome."

"I have brought you a little package," said Dolores, speaking in a hurried tone, to hide her agitation. "Here it is," and taking a roll of bank-notes from her pocket she spread them on the little table underneath the window.

"Why, where did you get so much money?" Vincent asked, in a tone of surprise.

"It was intrusted to me by your sister Ethelind before she went away, yesterday afternoon. She said this would secure a great many comforts that you might otherwise be compelled to

She said this would secure a great many comforts that you might otherwise be compelled to do without. And she wished me to urge upon you the necessity of employing the very best counsel in the State for your defense. Her purse is at your command."

"Heaven bless her!" cried the poor prisoner, in a tone of deep smotion. "Lknow she would

in a tone of deep emotion. "I know she would do anything in the world to help me."

Then, forcing a smile, he added:
"I feel very rich, darling. See, I can duplicate the sum you have brought, note by note."

Before she could add another word, the cell-door was opened, and the warden ushered in a small, quiet-looking man who proved to be none other than our old friend, Detective Ferret.

When the warden had withdrawn, and Vincent turned to greet the detective, Dolores placed herself beside him and said, eagerly:

"I intended this as a surprise, my love. I sent for Mr. Ferret, and have secured his services that the mysterious crime for which you suffer may be thoroughly investigated."

"Thank you, Dolores. It was, perhaps, the

suffer may be thoroughly investigated."

"Thank you, Dolores. It was, perhaps, the wisest thing you could have done."

Mr. Ferret quietly helped himself to a chair.

"What defense did you offer at the examination, Mr. Erle?" he said, fixing his light gray eyes upon the young man's face.

"None, except to put in the plea of 'not guilty,' and assure the magistrate and jury that I had left Mr. Challoner's grounds immediately after parting with Dolores, and had set out for Glenoaks without a moment's delay."

"What proof did you offer to substantiate your statement?"

your statement?" "Alas, I had none save my simple word."
The detective appeared to ruminate for some time. At length he said:
"You may tell everything you can remember that he will be said."

ber that has any bearing upon the events of that fatal night." Vincent and Dolores, together, were enabled to give Mr. Ferret a very clear idea of the events that had already come to light. The

two points in which he manifested particular interest, however, were those of Madam Zoe's mysterious disappearance, and the fact that Aunt Jerry had encountered a woman in the corridor when she was hurrying down-stairs after having been aroused by the cries of the murdered man. Where do the friends of this Madam Zoe re-

"I do not know," Dolores answered; "but it is my belief that she resided in the South before coming to Dingle Dell."

"Who recommended her to Mr. Challoner?"

"Who beauth the testimonials. There heard "She brought no testimonials, I have heard Aunt Jerry say. In the first place, she was taken on trial; but her duties were performed

n a manner so satisfactory that she was perma nently engaged." "Did she never allude to her former life?"
"Never. Indeed she seemed averse to speaking of it even to answer such questions as might,

from time to time, be asked." .
"Of course she received letters occasionally from her friends?" "No, sir. None ever came for her."
"That is strange," said the detective, in a

"It is believed by some," said Dolores, looking up quickly, "that Madam Zoe could give important testimony in this case, and has withdrawn herself for that very reason."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Ferret, shaking his

head.

When he left the prison, however, he went directly to the railway station, and inquired for the night-agent. The man could throw no light upon the mystery, however. He had been at his post the night in question, but was certain that no lady had purchased a ticket of him, though several gentlemen had done so.

"How far is it to the next station?" Mr. Ferrat inquired. ret inquired.

Four miles," "Above or below?"

Mr. Ferret hurried to the nearest livery-stable, and hired a boy to drive him down. Having reached his destination, and found the tion-agent, his first question was this:
Do all the night-trains stop here?"

Yes, sir," was the ready answer. ees in wood and water at this p'int."

"How many night trains are there?"

"Four, all told, sir—that is, I mean two each way," replied the station-agent, a big, rough-looking fellow who seemed to be something of a gossip. "They pass each other here."

"At what hours?"

"To in the evening and four in the morn. "Ten in the evening and four in the morn-

"A great many people take tickets from this station, I suppose?"

"Wall, not so very many, sir," said the man, scratching his head. "Sich as do, come, for the most part, from the village one mile below, down in the holler. Some days there are half a dozen; and very often, at night, there's no-body."

"Can you tell me if there was anybody to take the four o'clock train, Tuesday morning?"
"Tuesday? Let me see? That was the morn-ing after poor old Mr. Challoner was murder-

"Yes, I believe so."
"Why, bless you, sir, there were two, that morning, and cur'us customers they were, too.
Never opened their heads to speak to a body, if could help it.

No, sir, a man and a woman. The man was all muffled up about his face. He rushed up, jest as the train was ready to start, threw down his money and asked, in a squeaky voice, for a ticket to B—. I gave him one, and he climbed onto the rear car jest as the train was moving

Did the woman go by the same train?" "No, sir. She went in the opposite direction; and I should have told you about her afore, for she was the first to leave. She came in all alone, about three, and inquired about the trains. She sat a few moments, and then went out; and of course I stepped to the door and looked after her. She was walking up and down the rail-road track, sir, as if she was on a wager."
"Did you see her face?" asked Mr. Ferret,

eagerly.

"I did not. She was dressed in black, and had her vail down. I don't think she was a young woman, sir; but she was straight as a saplin' for all that. She purchased no ticket, but I saw her get aboard the down-train. There was somethin' cur'us about that woman, cir."

The detective was of the same opinion; but he

Have you any grounds for thinking that "Not the slightest, sir; and, what's more, I don't think so. The down-train leaves some three or four minutes before the other; and so far as I know the woman came and was gone

before the man got here at all."

Mr. Ferret said nothing more, but he mentally decided that the whole circumstance was a

CHAPTER XXII. COLONEL FALKNER'S PERPLEXITY. "Who that hath ever been,
Could bear to be no more?
Yet who would tread again the scene
He trod through life before."
—Montgomery.

THE night was hot and still. Scarce a breath of air ruffled the foliage of the dark old trees that drooped lovingly over the gray walls of Glenoaks. The atmosphere seemed heavy and

ntil a late hour Colonel Philip Falkner sat in the small room on the ground floor that had been fitted up for a private study, poring over legal documents and reports of famous trials. He hoped to gather from these papers some hint that might be useful to Vincent; for though there were doubts in his own mind of the young manys innecence, he did not wish to see him suf-

man's innocence, he did not wish to see him suffer the full penalty of the law.

Rising languidly at length, as if wearied out with his long sitting, Colonel Falkner proceeded to the open window, and after standing there a moment, stepped out. The crimson curtains fell together behind him, and the lamp that still

So indeed he could. For, producing a second roll very similar in appearance to the first, he placed a note of like denomination upon each of those Dolores had laid down.

Looking into her wondering eyes, he said:
"This is Colonel Falkner's gift. He pushed the money into my hand when he came to say good-by."
"I am very glad."
Before she could add another word, the cell-door was opened, and the warden ushered in a from one group of evergreens to another, and pause there as if to rest or reconnoiter, though in all its movements there was an evident de sire to shun observation.
"It is Ethelind," he thought. "Rash girl!

She should not be wandering abroad at this hour of the night."

Sheltering himself behind a convenient trellis,

she waited for the dark figure to come nearer. Several minutes elapsed before it moved at all, and then, as if in a sudden accession of courage, it started up and glided swiftly past within three or four yards of Colonel Falkner's hiding-

To his intense surprise, the figure did not prove to be Ethelind's after all, but that of a strange lady dressed in black, whose head and face were closely muffled in a thick vail. She glided on rapidly in the direction of the house; and Colonel Falkner, startled, perplexed and curious, immediately turned and followed

her, taking care to keep in the shadow and so far behind as not to attract her attention. The mysterious lady made her way directly toward the window of the study, where the light still burned brightly behind the closely-drawn curtains. Pausing right before it, she stood for some time motionless, her head bowed, as if either littrium receives the stood of the stood

stood for some time motionless, her head bowed, as if either listening or praying.

Colonel Falkner stole a few steps nearer, feeling more bewildered than ever. Suddenly the woman flung up her hands wildly, and a subdued wail broke from her lips.

"Oh, Philip, pity me! My heart is breaking!" Something in that low, thrilling voice caused Colonel Falkner to start as though he had received an electric shock. It sounded familiar. ceived an electric shock. It sounded familiar, and she had spoken his name! What did it mean? Did she know under whose window she stood, and was she there simply because it was

His heart beat a little faster, but he sprung forward, and caught the woman by the arm.
"Who are you?" he sternly demanded.
There was no answer save a low, frightened moan, and she seemed to shrink away from him as if in deadly terror.

"What are you doing here? Speak!"

In another instant he would have torn away
the muffling vail, but the woman eluded the movement, and wrenching her arm from his grasp, darted swiftly past, and fled, with a shrill ery into the darkest and densest of the shrub

Colonel Falkner followed, but he could not overtake her. The black dress she wore blended naturally with the shadows that everywhere peopled the grounds, and at the distance of a ew rods she was completely lost to observa-

He desisted at last in sheer despair, and at the same instant a bitter, mocking laugh sounded "You do well to give up the pursuit, Colonel Falkner. That woman is fleeter of foot than yourself—you cannot overtake her."

It was Ethelind's voice, and looking round in

astonishment, he saw the girl standing just be-yond him, her white, wasted features dimly distinguishable in the uncertain light.
"Ethelind!"

Yes, it is I! You need not look so shocked." "It is enough to shock me to find you roaming about at midnight. Are you mad?"

She passed both hands quickly over her fore-

ad. "Mad? Yes, I have been delirious these many Poor child," he said, in a tone of infinite pity.

'I believe you."
"Then my vagaries should no longer astonish "They pain me. Ethelind, deeply pain and grieve me. But you must not remain here. Take my arm, and I will lead you back to the

She obeyed, submissively as a little child, and not another word was spoken until he had drawn her through the open window, and they stood within the little study, when the lamplight fell on her pallid face and burning

"Now tell me why you were in the grounds?" I could not sleep, and felt too nervous to re-

main in-doors," she answered, without looking at him. "Was it a greater crime for me to seek the fresh air than for you?' "At least it is scarcely decorous for a young lady to be wandering about at mid-

"I regret having offended against your no-tions of propriety," said Ethelind; but her tone was proud and cold. Colonel Falkner remained silent for a moment,

his gray eyes bent fixedly upon the girl's face. Suddenly he heaved a sigh, and said in a changed

"You, too, saw that strange woman I was pursuing?"
"I did." "Do you not know?" Ethelind asked, quickly,

neeting his gaze now for the first time "I have not the slightest suspicion." "Then I can give you the necessary informa-tion. It was Mrs. Faunce."

He leaned toward her with a half-suppressed y of amazement. What! the new tenant of Lorn?"

The very same. "Indeed! I wonder that I did not think of her. Yes, you must be right. I have been told that Mrs. Faunce always goes abroad muffled up very much like the woman in ques-

He spoke in a slow, dreamy tone, like one He spoke in a slow, dreamy tone, like one whose thoughts were busy.
"Ethelind, do you know why Mrs. Faunce came here?" he asked abruptly, after a pause.
"I am not her confidant," was the haughty

"It seems very singular," he went on, as if she had not spoken. "I cannot make it out. Mrs. Faunce! The name is not a familiar one.

Ethelind waited to hear no more. Her first pulse had been to tell him of that first visit Mrs. Faunce had paid to his chamber while he lay ill of the wound he had received. But she would not yield to it. Shrinking away from him, she glided, without another word, from the

"If Mrs. Faunce loves him, and wishes to keep that love a secret, I have no right to be-tray her," she thought.

Colonel Falkner passed a sleepless night. He tried in vain to banish from his thoughts that mysterious figure, and the wailing cry he had overheard, "Oh, Philip, pity me! My heart is breaking." But they haunted him like a spell. Strange, vague suspicions ran through his mind. Sad, sweet dreams were recalled, and half-for-gotten memories. He shivered ever and anon with the creeping feeling that denizens of the other world were around him.

The next morning, urged by an impulse over which he had no control, he ordered the carriage out, and drove over to Lorn. The faithful old woman-servant, Joan Withers, answered his ring. She gave a perceptible start when she saw who was standing at the door.

"What do you want?" she demanded, in her sharpest and most repellent tone. "I have called to see your mistress—"
"Mrs. Faunce does not receive visitors," Joan

interrupted, making a movement to close the door.
"One moment, if you please. I am a neighbor, and if you tell her I am here, she will cer-

tainly grant me an interview."
"My orders are positive to admit no one." "I have particular reasons for wishing to see rs. Faunce," said Colonel Falkner, in an eager, Joan drew resolutely back. "It makes no difference. I cannot let you

"You can, at least, take my card to your mistress and leave her to decide for herself whe-

ther I am to be admitted or not."

"It would be of no avail. Please go away."

She shut the door in his face as she spoke; and
Colonel Falkner, disappointed and angry, had
no resort but to climb into his carriage and re-

The next day he went again; and the day after, but with no different result. He was turning away from the door on the occasion of his third visit, when he encountered the house-maid, Phœbe Jelly. She silently beckoned him to follow her a few steps down the walk, out of sight from the house.

"You seem very anxious to see my mistress, sir," said the girl, abruptly.

"Perhaps you are her lover, sir?"

The colonel felt his face flush; but, looking searchingly at the girl, he divined the truth instantly. She was aware of his unsuccessful visits, and being of a sentimental turn of mind had built up and the sentimental turn of mind visites, and being of a sentimental turn of mind had built up quite a romance in which he and Mrs. Faunce played the leading roles. All her sympathies seemed to be enlisted in his cause. "I am the lady's very good friend," he answered, "and it pains me to be denied the pleasure of an interview."

sure of an interview."

Phoebe glanced hastily all round, and then said in a whisper:

"Mrs. Faunce is very eccentric, sir. But whatever secrets she keeps from us servants, I am sure she should have none from a gentleman like you. I think I can help you sir."

like you. I think I can help you, sir."

"If you can, you will earn my undying gratitude," said Colonel Falkner, slipping a banknote into the girl's hand.

Phoebe glanced at it, and her face brightened

hen she saw its amount "Thank you, sir. You are very generous. But I would have done just as much for you without being paid for it. Do you see that old summer-house at the end of the walk we are

"Mrs. Faunce will be there this evening, half an hour before sunset. It is one of her oddities. You will find her alone. She's taken a fancy to the place, and goes there regularly every eve-

And nodding her head intelligently, Phoebe turned and ran up the path. If he could not take his cue from a hint so palpable, the girl thought, he was not the ardent lover she had mentally set him down to be.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE MYSTERY OF MRS. FAUNCE "Oh, woman, woman with face so pale! Pale woman weaving away A frustrate life at a lifeless loom."

THE rose and gold of sunset were in the sky, and its reflected glory in the water, when Colonel Falkner crossed a strip of shingly beach and turned into a shady green lane where the lengthening shadows were already taking on the faint which there are a compared to the control of the control bing shadows were already taking on the faint ourplish tinge of coming twilight. Now and then, as he hurried along, he caught stray plimpses of the gray walls of Lorn between the crees, and his heart beat a little quicker as he thought of the strange errand that was bring-ing him once more into the hallowed seclusion

of its grounds.

Shrewd, cultured man of the world though he was, Colonel Falkner felt himself drawn onward by a magnetism he was powerless to resist. The mysterious lady of Lorn had awakened an interest in his mind that could not be easily forgotten. Since the night when he had found her crouching before his study-window in that attitude of utter self-abasement, she had been continually in his thoughts.

been continually in his thoughts.

"Who is she?" he said to himself, in eager passionate accents.

"Why has she come among se enveloped in such an atmosphere of mystery must know the truth—this suspense and per-elexity are becoming unendurable. Oh, why is t that she so powerfully recalls the image of another—one lost to me forever—one I loved not wisely but too well?"

Wiping the cold damps of perspiration off his forehead, he climbed the stile in which the lane terminated, and rapidly approached the old summer-house to which Phoebe Jelly had di-

The low murmur of a woman's voice fell upon is ears as he drew near. "She is there," he thought, and, hurrying on breathlessly, paused in the low, arched, vine-hung entrance. Mrs. Faunce sat in the far corner of the sum

er-house. The black, muffling vail was drawn tightly over her face, as usual, but she had thrown aside the cloak in which she often ap-peared abroad, and the faultless proportions of a figure that seemed the personification of grace and beauty were revealed.

Colonel Falkner could not tell whether she

had been praying aloud, or soliloquizing; for her voice died away in a low, gasping sound the instant she caught a glimpse of his figure, and, rising to her feet, she stood cowering there, her whole attitude abject and expressive of ter-

"Forgive me for intruding upon your se clusion, Mrs. Faunce," he began, and his voice shook with an emotion he could not successful ly control. "Your refusal to welcome me to your drawing-room drove me to this expedi-

A low, frightened cry was her only answer.

"It was natural that I should persist in my
efforts until I gained the opportunity of seeing
you," he added, advancing a step or two nearer.
She waved him back with a sweep of her arm
that had something tragic in its fierceness.

"What do you want?" she demanded, in a hoarse, husky voice, evidently controlling her self with an effort.

'I came here hoping, at last, to be received as your friend."
"My friend!" she repeated, with a gesture of scorn. "Good God! I have no friends. You only mock me by making such a profes-

Her voice thrilled his very soul. Its sad,

naunting sweetness rung in his ears like a strain of half-forgotten music. "Mrs. Faunce, I wish to be your friend, if It cannot be."

gave up earthly friendships long ago. He involuntarily stretched out both his hands.
"Don't say that," he cried. "As long as one remains in this world there is always need of human help and human fellowship." In the case of others that may be true; not

Her head sunk on her breast and she leaned gainst the wooden framework for support, olonel Falkner felt the blood curdling in his heart as he looked at her.

Who and what are you?" he said, abruptly. There was no answer.

"Speak! You might as well, for I feel assured that you are hiding your real identity behind a name that is not your own."

"Then my desire to remain unknown ought to be respected."

"Let me see your face and I will go away."

'Let me see your face, and I will go away "No, no," she said, hastily. "I cannot. You

"No, no," she said, hastily. "I cannot. You know not what you ask."

He drew nearer, his dry lips working.
"This mystery must be solved," he exclaimed. "It is too distressing for endurance. You are no stranger to me—I feel, I know it. When and where did our acquaintance begin! Why is it that your very presence throws me into a fit of nervous agitation over which I have little control? Why does the sound of your voice cause my pulses to bound so violently? Why am I drawn hither, almost against my will? What, in short, is the secret of the strange magnetism you seem to exert upon me?" retism you seem to exert upon me?"
"Is this true?" she cried, in a breathless whis-

She seemed to hesitate, and a strange tremor shook her from head to foot.
"Do I remind you of any one?" she asked, at length, her voice sounding curiously hollow."

Of whom? "It is too dreadful," he said, shuddering in his turn. "The grave seems to have given up its dead. I saw the coffin-lid fastened above the

remains of her you so strangely recall."

Mrs. Faunce put up both hands quickly to her shrouded face, held them there a moment, and then suffered them to fall listlessly at her side. "I am here under a false name and in a false character," she said. "I do not deny it. But do not seek to learn more of me to-day. My secret, whatever it is, must be preserved a lit-

tle longer."

"But you will tell me all in your own time?" "Yes, yes. You have my promise. Oh, if I dared, how gladly would I reveal everything

Something in her smothered, agitated voice, and the wild way in which she clasped and wrung her hands, caused Colonel Falkner to draw nearer, and ask, almost in a whisper: "Whom do you fear!"
"Yourself"

He started back with a suppressed cry.
"You fear me? Oh, Mrs. Faunce, is fear the only sentiment I have succeeded in awakening in your bosom? Why do you fear me?"

Ask me no more. In mercy's name, let me go," she said, imploringly, and made her way quickly toward the door. "One word, Mrs. Faunce."

He put his hand out to stop her, but she shrunk trembling away from him, and was gone before he could say anything more. He followed her out of the summer-house, but her

black garments were already disappearing round a bend in the path.

"Good God! What is the meaning of this mystery? Why am I so wrought upon?" cried the perplexed man, sinking down upon a wooden bench, while the grayness of death overspread his face.

spread his face.

A moment later the soft rustle of a woman's

dress struck upon his ears. He tried to rally from the strange stupor that had come over him, but his head felt dreamy and confused, him, but his head feit dreamy and contason, and a blur had come before his eyes.

"Oh, Colonel Falkner! What is the matter? Are you seriously ill?"

It was Ethelind's voice, full of anxiety and grief. She laid her cold hand on his, but he pushed it off with a shiver of repulsion.

"I thought it was Mrs. Faunce—that she had

"I thought it was Mrs. Faunce—that she had returned," he muttered.

The girl started and gasped for breath, as if some one had struck her a deadly blow. But she said no word in reply.

"I cannot understand why you should have followed me here," Colonel Falkner exclaimed, in an angry voice. "Surely you have not descended to the mean part of playing the spy upon my movements?"

"These grounds are as free to me as to your.

"These grounds are as free to me as to your-self—or should be," she answered, her pallid features seeming to harden into stone.

"Tell me why you came. I will know."

"Be assured that you had nothing to do with

bringing me here."
"Then you did not follow me?"
She lifted her head haughtily.

"You are at liberty to cherish your own convictions. The more degrading they are to me, the more tenaciously you will cling to them, of

She was turning proudly away when her clance once more fell upon his face. Its ghast-iness caused a sudden revulsion in her feelings. She sprung to his side, exclaiming in an agitated You are ill! You look like death! Oh, sir,

what can I do for you?"

"Nothing," he answered, in a softened tone.
"It is merely a sudden faintness that will soon be gone. Sit down and watch with me until I She seated herself, submissively as a child, on the bench beside him. It would have been diffi-cult to tell which face was the whitest at that

"You are aware, of course, t'at I have just held an interview with Mrs. Faunce?" Colonel Falkner said, after a long silence.

"That lady has awakened a deep and romanic interest in my breast."

Ethelind looked round at him, wondering why Have you penetrated her disguise?" she sked, in a low voice.

And yet she must be very well known to True. When I try to look backward into the past, however, and fix upon her identity, my brain becomes confused in a moment." That is strange

He shivered, and hid his face in his hands.

"Mrs. Faunce loves you," Ethelind added, in strangely hollow voice. "Sometimes I am tempted to believe it was the passion you have nspired, and that alone, that brought her to

A sickening fear ran through the girl's heart, and she said with sudden vehemence:
"Is it possible that you are learning to love
her in return—that you have suffered your afections to fix themselves upon a woman so en-ompassed with mystery and suspicion?" I can scarcely analyze the sentiments of my wn heart."
"Tell me the truth."

"I certainly feel drawn toward her as toward no other human being. But the secret of this magnetism is as deeply hidden from me as from ourself; and of its possible results I dare not Ethelind turned away, hiding her face. some blows are too deep for moan or tear. She felt like one who has received the sentence

or the sentence one who has received the sentence of doom. Though all her own mad, idolatrous ove had failed to awaken a responsive echo in his breast, this unknown woman had appeared on the scene, and in an hour, as it were, drawn him into her toils! It seemed too bitter.

After a long silence, she tottered to her feet.

"You are better now," she said in a strange "You are better now," she said, in a strange, nusky voice. "I want to go away from here." "We will go together—we will return home,"

he answered, rising also, and his tone sounded as constrained as her own.

The sun had been a long time down, and might's shadows were brooding over sea and shore, when at length they wearily climbed the steps leading up to Colonel Falkner's door.

Mrs. Falkner met them in the hall. She looked Mrs. Falkner met them in the hall. She looked anxious and troubled.

"'How late you are!" she exclaimed. "I would have sent for you, only I did not known what direction you had gone. Mr. Challoner Even as she spoke, the drawing-room door bened, and Raymond appeared. He was ressed in a full suit of black, and it was these

uneral garments, perhaps, that gave his hand-ome face a ghastly expression quite unusual Bowing low to Colonel Falkner, the young man held out both hands to Ethelind. She did not take them; but, shrinking away from him with a glance of fear and horror, glided swiftly down the hall.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 408.)

It is a current belief among the peasantry of Normandy that if a girl treads upon the tail or claw of a cat her chances of matrimony are materially diminished; and if she treads on both at the same time it is an infallible sign that she will not be married for at least four

THE paragrapher, whoever he was, who said the reason General Washington was "never seen to smile," was because he kept his priper. "Do you really feel drawn toward me so powerfully as you pretend?"

"Yes. Why is it? I am sure you can explain the mystery if you will."

seen to smile," was because he kept his private bottle out in the barn, ought to be taken out to Valley Forge in a snow-storm, and left there over night tied up to a tree to explain offense.



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and adventure life, in a not remote period narration and characterization, and in story is ess it will command unusual attention and quite fulfill public expectation.

Sunshine Papers.

"God helps them that help themselves!" quoted a little cousin of mine, who, when denied a piece of dough with which to play, snatched it and ran off. Certainly the child made a practical application of the maxim. He got the dough and he escaped any punishment because his remark was so bright and apropos. And observation leads one to believe that the application the child made of the quotation is, in real life, the only one where it holds true. Socially, professionally, politically, and financially, the men who say "God helps them that help themselves," and so help themselves to what they most desire, whether it belongs to them or not, are the only persons who by any amount of imagination can make the saying apply to their own cases.

Does God help them that help themselves? Was Ben Franklin as wise as posterity world as a proverb? Had he tested the theory? Did he make the assertion as a truism based weary, care-sick man and woman can assert that it is a fallacy as proved by their experi-

If so, Franklin's was an exceptional experience-not a common one. The majority of men who have by their own efforts won any foothold on life, take very little stock in the part that God or Providence has had to do others.

with their affairs! proverb-people who get up in benevolent soieties, and church meetings, and snivel and sob about God's "tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, 'and Providence always providing for those who have faith, and God's helping them that help themselves, and, somehow their brothers and sisters feel constrained to give them alms, and reward their fine piety with an occasional lift to some little employment, and so in a sort of way-quite satisfac tory to their eminently devout and humble selves—they scrape along through the world

on other people's money. But, without referring to that debasing sort | a mere speck. of devoutness and humility, thank Ged there are true-souled men and women in the world invalids for years; one simple room their home who are bound to make their own way or perish in the attempt. And these are the per who take mighty little stock in any help God vouchsafes them. Faith in any one or anything but yourself, and your own I-will-pow er, is pretty poor sort of stuff with which to buy shoes, and coats, and loaves of bread. God may temper the wind to the shorn lamb, but we are not dumb animals, and He is apt-I think I make an assertion in which general opinion will uphold me-to let us look out for

I am irreverent? Perhaps so! But I speak from personal observation and experience, to and I am willing to have my belief entirely revolutionized upon that same basis.

A man possesses wealth, or influential relatives or friends, and is he ever in actual want? He does not need brains, he does not need muscle to assure his success in life. He finds scores of splendid business opportunities open to him without either, and he draws an immense salary for what a man who can only help himself would get the merest pittance. He may be guilty of the most flagrant immoralities, but he will lose neither position nor prestige, but will swiftly ally himself with still greater good positions-social and financial-as ever. much blessed Surely it is not God who helps these men lack of Divine help really matters little.

no wealth, no influence, no friends to give should certainly "growl" when the real ones look-out for the pole for fear we would run them a lift upon the rugged, thorny, uphill pathway of personal independence. Men who have only brains, and muscles, and an overwhelming desire to live, since they have been put into this world, nolens volens, and to win from life self-support and something of suc-But for these men there are no dead men's shoes to step into, no influence to get them this, that and the other position, no big salaries to be paid them for the honor (?) of their presence in an institution. Where is the merchant who will spend ten minutes of his valuable time, or ten mills of his money, to give such a man a lift? Where is the merchant who will even give him the fair worth of his brains and muscles? Where is the rich man who will advance him a little capital with which to work? Where is the man of business who will say, "Come in with me, and, year by year, as you grow in experience and usefulness, I will deal with you as I pray God my own boy may be dealt with if I should be dead when his time comes to go out into the and let us, together, turn over the new leaf. world!"

If one of these moneyless, friendless, influenceless men makes an error, or commits a misdemeanor, where for him is to be found a word of pity, or charity, or forgiveness, or help? Is there a soul ready to stand tenderly by him and help him to retrieve his error? No, not one! To all appearances, and as far as mortal investigation has gone, the men who have only themselves to depend upon are neither helped by God, nor by their fellowcreatures. They are at the bottom of the hill, and no one cares whether or no they ever get

"God helps them that help themselves. Ah, me! how like diabolical sneers all these pasty little proverbs must seem to some men! The marvel is that more of these people, who have only themselves to rely upon in this world, do not become criminals or suicides, when they realize what a terrible load life is at best; when they learn the stupendousness of "Man's inhumanity to man;" the "Rarity of Christian charity under the sun;" the utter must elapse before he can receive a second lack of religious principle, honor, justice or common humanity in business.

No! the men who do make anything out of life, are those who make no efforts to discount Among serials scheduled in for early Providence. They elbow their way through use is the last work of the late Mrs. E. F. El- the world, regardless of whose ribs they poke mother would spend hours in hiding the ginor whose toes they crush; they go on the prin-ciple that every man's hand is against them Did she say, "Benoni, where is that dime I let-a romance of Scottish and English love or whose toes they crush; they go on the prinand their hand against every man; they be- put under the things in the back corner of the when even a Scot Lord of a Castle did not disdain to become a chief of smugglers to keep up them, and no man too good to play points flection I could tell her where it was-but I his lordly estate. It is a very fine piece of upon them if possible; they know that nothing generally didn't. In potato-time I could albut their own exertions stands between them and starvation, or ever will; and when at last and I could always find out where the minceof a highly-exciting and romantic interest. they are able to draw a free breath, and put pies were located without the aid of the com-As the last production of the eminent author plenty of food in the mouths of wife and children, is it any wonder that they are grown cynical, and bitter-hearted, and skeptical of God's love?

days and "prayer-meeting" nights, but a no-ble human practicality that will invade the so-made it my determination to reach it. I proverb will count but as trash with those peorealities of workaday life!

Better let men take this motto, "Every man is the Architect of his own fortune," and remember that not one human being stands ready to help put a block of his building into able to instantly put the right brick in the A PARSON'S DAUGHTER. right niche.

ARE YOU "MRS. GRUMBLE?"

WHEN Mrs. Grumble visits me and runs over a string of grievances which she thinks would have us believe when he clothed that trifle impolitely, but I cannot help it. Mrs. sentiment in new words and gave it to the G. thinks it is so "shameful" that it should rain when she wants to wear her new hat or dress to church; so "abominable" that the upon his own experience, as many a world- heat should come on so suddenly and before she has had time to make up her summer garments; and she is so "wretched" to think that some one may adopt the newest style or fashion ere she has a chance to do so. And, be cause I don't seem to consider these evils bevond endurance, she imagines I am cruelhearted and cold and have no sympathy for

Then is the time that "patience ceases to be To be sure there are people who quote that a virtue," and I exclaim: "Mrs. Grumble, do rope-ladder on which I could climb down if you think we sympathize enough, or feel endo we fully appreciate the manifold blessings we do have vouchsafed to us? Because I do

mean, Eve?"

actly what I have said. Mrs. Grumble's trou- pull on them. They were great helps. bles are trifling ones compared to others. Could she look into the thousands of homes all down to each other in case one of us fell outover the land and see the real troubles, her we fell out frequently in the basket, but never

I have some correspondents who have been and their only view of God's fair creation from their windows. Through the bright days of spring, the gladsome, gleesome ones of summer, and the ripe, mellow ones of autumn, times the poor body being racked with pain. and we couldn't get our mouths shut. The fur Are not these individuals more worthy of our sympathy than Mrs. Grumble, and are not they make less complaint, and I have never lesson they teach me, and how much I strive and if the balloon had not been incom-bust-ible

When I have a trifling headache I am apt to murmur and complain; then I think: "What should I do if this pain were to last for weeks and weeks instead of one single day?" Then I feel mean and contemptible, and I do wish I was more reasonable and less fault-finding.

We have health, yet how little we appre ciate the blessing, and how little we thank our Heavenly Father for it. We can wander and rove to our heart's content, and we can witness the beauty that is springing up all about us, but we plod along and give it no thought; flowers bloom and die, and what care we? wealth and influence. He may commit any God puts gems in our pathway yet we scarce crime, even the most damnable, and he will be saved from its consequences, and be pitied, ourselves with imaginary evils, forget those saved us many an accident. and excused, and petted, and upheld in as who really suffer, and forget that we are so

We say that invalids are petulant and that and surrounds them with His patronage; nor we hate to attend upon them. Perhaps we do they help themselves much; but every one are the petulant ones and without half the throats. else stands ready to help them—so that the cause. Perhaps we should be petulant if we had so much to endure. I said "perhaps;" I getting upside down with the basket on top. But, "the e are men to whom God's help should have said I know so, because we are so

visited us. Maybe a good fit of sickness would against it and knock it out of repair. be better for us, for it would make us more

You see, we don't think of all this, we don't to bring us to our senses. Isn't that so?

absurd notion out of our head that the world and get a big name on! was made especially for our benefit, and for no one else's, and that other people had as much pathy for their suffering, and be more thankbe less black looks, less harsh words, less was born to make some big discovery, and intended we should do.

Are you a Mrs. Grumble? I hope not, but, if you are, come with me EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

To the North Pole in a Balloon.

THE following letter was written by an uncle of mine many years ago. It was found in a chest of old papers, principally letters of recommendation. (If there was one thing more than another our family stuck to it was a letter of good character. From the number up it; but every one is ready with a kick to left in the family archives it looks like they were their chief reliance, and that it took a good many of them, too.) The reliability of these statements I do not vouch for. I don't think he ever told a lie for money-he died poor, but it is said that the cause of his ultimate death was telling the doctor that he had the brain-fever when it was the liver-complaint. I therefore will not be responsible for this let-ter, having as much as I can do to be responsible for my own. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

> I was born in the early part of the last century, or the last part of the early century, I don't recollect which at this date. At an immature age I showed a capacity in finding out things which was wonderful. My devoted lower bureau drawer?" with a very little reways find out where the best fishing-place was, pass. My mother used to say I was remarkable for finding out things, for a lost boy.

On hot summer days when I was industriously and laboriously working in the garden And, since this state of things must be so by lying in the shady fence corner, my mind until some religion is discovered which is not which was very flighty, used to take flights to mere sentimentalism for men to air on Sun- the North Pole, and so earnestly did it strive cial and the business world, why Ben Franklin's thought of the incalculable benefit it would be to mankind if a northern passage could be ple who are forced to battle with the stern found, and how the shares of the North Pole Ice Company would jump up if vessels could reach its possessions.

All attempts to get to the pole with ships had failed, so I determined to try it with a balloon, and made my preparations accordingly place, but the whole world stands ready to tear the fabric down the moment the builder is unstrata of air from the south and started fully northward. I could look down on New England like looking on a map, only the States were not colored, and in the course of two days was well over Greenland-I recognized its out-

My scientific instruments consisted of a sextant, quadrant, hydrant, a pair of compasses, of dire import and truly unbearable, I am apt and an eighteen-gallon keg, with a mathemaspeak somewhat quickly, and it may be a tical instrument which is called a faucet at tached, in connection with some excellent field and table-classes for observations. I had also an old uncle of mine along for company and ballast, with which I could easily lighten the

balloon in case I was descending too rapidly. While crossing Baffin's bay the balloon got wedged in between two winds and wouldn't budge an inch until we both got out and gave it a start.

I was supplied with needles and thread with which to sew up the balloon in case it ripped from top to bottom, and another smaller balloon was stowed away in my valise, to use in case there was a total collapse. I also had a the balloon went to pieces. It was firmly atough for those who are really suffering, and tached to the basket, so that there was no danger of it pulling off in case I had to climb down. The balloon I steered with an oar like a skiff. In the bottom of the basket were fas-Mrs. Grumble may remark: "What do you tened leather straps which we could catch hold of and pull up on in case we were going down My meaning is plain enough, for it's just ex- fast. You have no idea how much we could

We also had ropes which we could throw imaginary ones would appear so small as to be fell out of it. The old gent drank so much, he would go to the keg once to my twice.

The further north we got the scarcer the heat became; it let up fearfully. Below us was plenty of ice, but no lemonade-more ice than a lazy boy in school would ever dream of. You could reach out and catch handfuls of cold. We dared not open our mouths to talk they must remain in their one room, often- for the words would freeze between our teeth ther north the chillier it got, and, by and by we got into the region where the air was ful their trials harder to bear than hers? Yet of floating icebergs, and it was with great dif ficulty that we shoved them off with pole found their missives less dull on account of which we fortunately had along. We frethe writers' illness. But how many a good quently got squeezed in between two of them, it would have bursted, and we would have reached the earth by the shortest route.

When two icebergs would come together in the air, three or four miles above the earth, the fire would fly like blazes. They were frozen so hard that if they had been set up in Egypt they would last longer than the pyramids would take about that long to thaw them completely out. New York folks never saw ice on the rise like it was in that region. were frozen in huge masses, and rolled and tumbled over each other with the most terrific

crashes like enlarged thunder. Whenever we wished to descend a little we would bear down on the basket with all our

By the use of a patent arrangement of my own we thawed out the air so we could breathe it, which we could not otherwise have done, as it was so badly frozen it wouldn't go down our

We were nearly lost once by the balloon We never got so high that we were out of

would be worth a great deal. Men who have apt to be petulant over imaginary ones; we sight of land-or ice rather, and kept a sharp

From calculations, made from the weight of fully enjoy the blessing of health after we had the keg, we computed we had come several thousand leagues, and by and by we woke up one morning and found there was quite a mildthink how much better treated we are than we ness in the atmosphere! I was elated. I had deserve to be, and something should be done heard the theory that around the pole was a warm climate, and now I was finding out the Of course it is, and if we could but get the fact! What a glorious discovery to take home

We took another drink

The fields began to look green below us as right here as we have, maybe we'd be more we sped on, and the air was growing warmer thoughtful of their comfort, have more sym- and warmer. Below us were towns, then cities, thicker and thicker, and all the signs of ful for the comforts we enjoy. Then there'd active and busy life! I said I always knew I growling, snapping, snarling and complaining, now to find that the region of the North Pole but we should all live for each other as it was pole kittens, ice-poles, and Hungry Poles, was something to make a man feel good even if he knew his wife's aunt was coming next week, with the children. I saw steamships on the open waters and cars on the land, and signs of civilization on every hand! And to think it had never been known before, and I was the Columbus who had discovered this new continent far to the north! I couldn't hold my feelings, and got the old man to help me.

We descended at last. The crowds that flocked to us spoke the Dutch language! Ah I thought, this country was settled ages ago by Dutch mariners. I inquired the name of this new country. The blamed fools told us it was Holland. We had gone clear past the North Pole and on down into Holland! I don't believe there is any pole.

BENONI WHITEHORN, Airy-naught.

Topics of the Time.

—A train on the Canada Southern Railroad was recently run 111 miles in 109 minutes! This is the fastest time ever made in this country. The run was made between St. Thomas and Amherstburg.

-The Chinese are the only nation who know how to cover plates of sheet lead with thin layers of colored glass. They use them on the sides and domes of their temples, to which they lend a lustrous and gorgeous appear-

-The tallest man in the United States is probably Henry Thurston, a native of Missouri, now residing in Titus county, Texas, and formerly a Confederate soldier, who stands seven feet and six inches in his bare feet. Barnum offered him a large sum to join his exhibition, but he

—Pennsylvania was the champion hanging State during 1877. She is credited with sixteen out of eighty-three executions in the United States, or one-fifth of the whole number. South Carolina ranks next, having had twelve shows of this kind during the year. New York, with three executions, is far behind her more enterprising neighbors. prising neighbors.

-Five Port Jervis, New York, hunters, on an expedition a short time ago, started up six bears in a little piece of wood skirting the Bushkill, in the town of Deerpark. After an exciting chase, which lasted two days, they succeeded in killing two out of the six. The news that bears in such

numbers roam unmolested in Deerpark has created a great sensation. -It is related of General Jubal Early that he would never approve of a furlough when the ap-plicant was to get married. Being an old bach-elor himself, he thought that all soldiers should adopt that style of life while the war lasted. He

used to say that every officer who married eith er proved himself utterly worthless or straightway got himself killed. —The death of Henry Meiggs appears not to have interrupted the prosecution of the public works in Peru looking to the development of the Cerro de Pasco Silver Mines. Work upon them continues, and is already said to be producing definite results in an increased yield of silver. These mines appear to be destined to attract. onsiderable attention in the future, for the possibilities are said to be so great as almost to be wilder the imagination.

A number of surgeons, anthropologists and cientists in Paris have formed a mutual disse tion society. Each member pledges himself to give his remains after death to be dissected by his surviving friends. When a member departs this life, his brethren meet in the salon of a restaurant, dine gayly, and, after coffee, a box is placed on the table containing a number of glass vessels, in which the reliques of the member deceased are carefully preserved in spirits.

—In relation to the marriage of Miss Hannah de Rothschild with the Earl of Rosebery, *The Jewish Times*, of this city, says: "The subject of intermarriages has always been a sore one with the Jews, but we think with little reason. The marriages of Jews with Christians are ex tremely rare, and there is not much reason to fear their increase. Judaism, which as we believ has been preserved so long by the will of God, is not likely to be imperiled now by the marriage of a few individuals with the members of other

—The preparations for the Paris Exhibition indicate that the British will be the most ineresting section next to the French, and that the next in order will be the Austro-Hungarian and the Italian sections. Russia and Turkey have done their best, and will be fairly, if not brilliantly represented. A special feature will be the number of Japanese exhibitors. Not fewer than thirty have already secured spaces; and the Mikado's government is going to send a naional collection of art objects, which is stated to be at once rich and beautiful.

-Mrs. Gaines's brown eyes are described as being as quick and bright as a bird's, and her laugh has a ring to it that shows that much fun A halo of auburn crimps around her face lends her a still brighter look, and to the unknowing she could easily pass for half her age. Some years ago, in speaking her mind to Chief-Justice Chase, Mrs. Gaines told him that she should battle before the bar until she was 150 years old. "And to think, madam, that this is to be kept up 125 years longer," said the Chief-Justice, as he bowed to the active widow.

The systematic efforts at forest-planting that several foreign governments have entered upon, are the source of a new trade from this country. An export of forest tree seeds from California has been established, amounting to \$10,000 worth per year. The principal purchases are made for Germany, Austria, England, and the selection in Australia and New York Poland. and the colonies in Australia and New Zealand; at present the demand exceeds the supply. The seeds of the Oregon pine, known also as the yel-low fir, are most sought; the timber of that tree

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "The Last Scalp;" "Working to Win;"
The Madman's Story;" "Spes;" "The Broken
ife;" "Wait Till To-morrow;" "Liking and Lovng;" "Suzette the Fair;" "Old Abe, the Eagle;"
Major Tom's Wager;" "Truth in a Wagon Box." Accepted: "The Banquet of Song;" "I Knew the Eye;" "Miss or Mrs.?" "A Speech of Copper;" "The Ship on Shore;" "Will Mernon's Pledge;" "How Good She Was;" "A Home Nest;" "Wait No More."

J. H. H. MS. much too crude for publication. ZAIDA. Valentine Day is Thursday, February 14th. OLL SNOOKS. The instrument you mean is the hygrometer. It gives the measure of moisture in the

H. ETTE. Sketch worthy of use; but we have such an oversupply of good things that we must de-cline it. Will retain MS. subject to order. No stamps for reply by mail.

SPENCER JOHN. A good box of water-colors can be had for one dollar. It is very nice work to color pictures in books and papers. A good set of draw-ing cards will cost a dollar, Drawing-books (in sets) are twenty-five cents. They are excellent elps to a beginner.

MINTY. No boy is too healthy. We presume you would be stronger if you could spend a year or two on a farm, with plenty of exercise, but not much real work. Hard work for boys is not the best thing for them. On the contrary, it often does great harm to bodily development.

F. D. L. See a published list of our publications, given in occasional issues of the "Fireside Library," "Half-Dime Library," etc., etc. Also see advertisement of these and other series as given occasionally in the advertising columns of this paper. Books by all the authors named are included in the several series.

in the several series.

SALLY LUNN. Valentines are not voted "vulgar" in the "best circles." On the contrary, the most expensive and lavish designs are quite "the thing" among the clite. No true gentleman would send a coarse valentine, even to one he disliked. You are at liberty to send or to receive original verses or letters as a missive on the day. Indeed, the original valentine is the true one.

ANN T. Lope. Bad breath is caused either by bad teeth or a bad stomach. Keep your teeth clean and remove or fill all that are decaying. If the stomach is in disorder correct that trouble and your breath will be sweet enough,—"Bulldozing," is a Southern expression implying forcing or driving a person to submission. Write to Harper Brothers for a circular in regard to their new book on Phonography. Munson's system is greatly in use. So is Pitman's.

Pitman's.

ADDISON T, writes: "Will you tell me which of the Western States is called the 'Buckeye State,' and why? Is there any city in the United States called the City of Notions? I have read the name, but cannot find out to what place it refers. How is the word etergine pronounced and what does it mean?" Ohio is the Buckeye State. A tree called the "buckeye tree" prevails there.—Boston is meant by the "City of Notions."—Etergine is pronounced etarn. It is an ornamental crystal or silver fruit stand.

Ouve D. It is not correct, but a very great er-

OLIVE D. It is not correct, but a very great error, to address a wife by her husband's title. To write, Mrs. Honorable John Jones, or Mrs. Doctor H. M. Smith, is inadmissible according to all the usages M. Smith, is inadmissible according to all the usages of polite society in this country. Write, merely, Mrs. John Jones, and Mrs. H. M. Smith. The eldest married lady of a family is simply Mrs. Brown, then comes Mrs. Charles Brown, Mrs. George Brown, etc.—You cannot use Mr., Mrs., or Miss, alone, in addressing a person by letter; always add the name.

JEANETTE D. asks: "If I am a visitor at the house of a friend and she urges me to go to entertainments with her husband, which circumstances prevent her attending, should I accompany him, or decline?" As it is the duty of a hostess to see that her guests are well entertained and enjoy themselves, it is quite natural that she should arrange to have you taken by her husband to amusements, even though she cannot attend them, and there is no impropriety in your accepting such invitations.

BEAUTY BRIGHT. Pure white Castile soap is the Beauty Bright. Pure white Castile soap is the best to use upon the skin, unless your skin is rough or eruptive; then use carbolic soap. There is no hair that is not beautiful if kept healthy and glossy by frequent baths and daily brushing. The style of wearing the hair is going back to those arrangements of it that pile it entirely upon the top of the head. This is becoming to some ladies, and by them may be adopted; but ladies whose appearance this does not improve should retain some more becoming style of hair-dressing.

Maggis V asks: "When I go to the city, to visit.

becoming style of hair-dressing.

Maggie V. asks: "When I go to the city, to visit, where I have many friends, both ladies and gentlemen, is it proper for me to invite them to call upon me at my hostess's bouse? And if so, how should the invitation be extended?" It is quite proper to invite them to call upon you when you are visiting. Do this by inclosing your visiting-cards, in small envelopes, to your friends, with your city address upon it, and the date of your stay, as:

MISS MAGGIE VOORHIS,

NOV. 11th to 28th.

Lazgue AND LULUE. It is perfectly proper for a

Nov. 11th to 28th.

Lizzie and Lille. It is perfectly proper for a young gentleman to give a party, and for young ladies to go to it. A gentleman may invite ladies to call upon his mother or sisters, and he may, with perfect propriety, take ladies to his home to dine with his mother.—Sachels, for ordinary use, may be made of bits of silk, ribbons, or linen, and filled with the powder. Violet and heliotrope are the most ladylike and refined perfumes. We will give you directions for making the elegant one you desire in our next issue.

J. W. C. Why leave a good trade which you have

sire in our next issue.

J. W. C. Why leave a good trade which you have learned for a new one? Are not all trades, just now, overstocked and underpaid? As to travel, many accomplish it without money by shipping as "hands" on sailing ships to Australia, East Indies, South America, to the whaling grounds, etc. The "least" cost to go "round the world" depends wholly how you go—whether overland through Europe and Asia or by rail or steamer. We would advise to go by sailing vessel to Canton, China; thence to Australia, by sail, and from thence to New York by sail.—The telephone is now considerably used in private establishments; but it has not yet been utilized for police purposes. ized for police purposes.

lized for police purposes. .

H. AND S. "Propriety" would seem to demand that both should share in the gentleman's favors; but if they are evidently meant for only one of you, the other should give way gracefully, and be pleased at the preference.—Very few girl clerks obtain such wages as the sisters named. The average pay of females at the counter is about seven dollars per week. The sisters' aunt probably advances their interests specially. They are forunate.—You can send the valentine of course, and if it speaks your week. The sisters' aunt probably advances their interests specially. They are fortunate.—You can send the valentine, of course, and if it speaks your real sentiments for the gentleman let him draw his own inferences. It is a very neat and proper mode of "making a proposal."—If you had good reasons for not keeping the appointment they should of course be explained, for it is regarded as a grave discourtesy to fail in an engagement if no proper apology is made.

A. D. C. It is an old saying that "thirteen," is a

discourtesy to fail in an engagement if no proper apology is made.

A. D. C. It is an old saying that "thirteen " is a most unlucky number at a dinner-party, and that before the year is out, some one of any thirteen persons who sit at table together will die. Of course this is the silliest superstition. As to what is the correct number to which a dinner-party should be limited it is hard to decide. Some authorities say that "twelve" guests should be the limit, and some "nine." Certainly you should not have more than you can accommodate comfortably and entertain easily. A few people at each, and frequent parties, is a practice referable to that of inviting a crowd. Endeavor to have people of varied occupations and beliefs, to make the conversation spicy, diverse and general. Have your dinner at the exact hour appointed, even if all your guests have not arrived. It is their duty to be on time. Full dress is expected at dinner parties. The seat at the right hand of the host and the seat at the right hand of the host and the seat at the right hand of the host and the seat at the right hand of the losts are the seats of honor; the first should be given to the lady who is the greatest stranger, or the eldest, or the one of highest rank; the second is given to the eldest or most distinguished gentleman. We ish you success.

and the colonies in Australia and New Zealand; at present the demand exceeds the supply. The seeds of the Oregon pine, known also as the yellow fir, are most sought; the timber of that tree is as good as British oak for shipbuilding, and has been found sound after eighteen years' use for this purpose. The South Sea colonies are planting the California redwood tree extensively.

—Americans are exporting coffins to London and putting them in the market at prices little more than half of those charged by her Majesty's native undertakers. The Yankees began with sending washing-machines, apple-parers, and egg-beaters; then they shipped window-sashes, doors, panels and wainscots; within a year they have been exporting ready-made furniture of all kinds, from the commonest kitchen chair to the most elegant drawing-room table; and now they are following the h-less Briton even to his grave, and packing him under ground in brandnew American coffins with patented handles and reversible lids, vastly superior to the English-made article, and with prices to suit the times.

JANE SHORE.

1482. BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

The king is gone! another fete!
When will these pleasures cease to whelm
The life that longs with death to mate—
The heart exiled from virtue's realm?
What! faded? No! my mirror tells
That I am fair as when that day,
For me rung out the wedding belis,
And Cheap ide smiled to see me gay!

There was a time!—could I forget!—
When I was happy by the side
Of one who somewhere lingers yet—
Who won my girlhood's guileless pride.
But now a wretched woman, I!
A loathsome yet a lovely thing,
Unto my God a living lie.
The puppet of a warlike king!

His wife? no! I am not his wife!
There is a name I durst not speak,
That which I am—will be thro life!
Like heated iron, it sears my cheek.
The coze of hell's remorseless stones
Falls on my brain with ceaseless drip;
Its ley terrors chill my bones,
And Judas-like makes every lip.

And Judas-like makes every np.

I am the king's! That word again
That haunts my pillow in the night!
It burns into my tortured brain,
Never to be exiled from my sight!
To me bow Edward's courtiers all,
A handsome, fickle, fawning band;
Eager to catch the words that fall
From lips, the falsest in the land!

It made me what I am! His word
Is law unto the Eng ish race!
I'd rather be his rusted sword
Than bear this moment of disgrace.
Then—then, thank God! I would forget;
A sword hath neither heart nor brain;
A rusted sword is seldom whet,
Except by tears or crimson rain.

The nightly revel where I drink
And bow to the applause of men
Memory cannot drown! I think—
Think madly of what might have been!
Oh! Edward, would we ne'er had met!
Oh! that these revels all were o'er!
For there is one who loves me yet—
Whom I will love for evermore!

My Arab Angel.

A Story of the Great Syrian Desert.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1868, found me standing, a free man, in the streets of Cairo—not Cairo, II-

free man, in the streets of Cairo—not Cairo, Ilinois, that amphibious town built by man's genius in about the worst swamp and on the most unlikely spot for a city—leaving the two rivers out of the question—that could be chosen; but Cairo, Egypt, the land of the pyramids, the kingdom of the khedive.

After our late "onpleasantness" was over, like a great many others, used to years of military life, and not knowing what on earth to do to get a decent living in any civil occupation, I emigrated to Mexico and entered Maximilian's service, where, like the rest, I received more kicks than half-pence; the downfall of the emperor, abandoned by that prince of jugglers and peror, abandoned by that prince of jugglers and charlatans, the Dutchman who dazzled France

peror, abandoned by that prince of jugglers and charlatans, the Dutchman who dazzled France with the name of Napoleon, and humbugged all Europe into the belief that he was a statesman, and betrayed by the scurvy Mexican officers whom he trusted, set me once more free to sell my sword to the highest bidder. And as the Khedive of Egypt, just at that time, was making flattering offers to American officers to enter his service, I was induced to negotiate, and finally accepted a position in his forces.

After a fair trial, though, I became dissatisfied, and then had the luck to become involved, despite myself, in a quarrel with one of the civil officers of the khedive, a portly, arrogant Englishman, who had an idea that he knew about everything that was worth knowing, and that everybody ought to give way to him. Well, this gentleman took offense at some remarks of mine, forced me into a quarrel, and finally challenged me. In my hot-headed way, I accepted, and had the satisfaction of putting a bullet through the shoulder of my antagonist at the first fire. I could easily have put it through his head, but I didn't wish to kill the man, for I have been a dead-shot with the revolver ever since I was a soldier. have been a dead-shot with the revolver ever

since I was a soldier.

This little affair terminated my engagement with his lordship of Egypt, and so, as I said at the beginning, Christmas morning found me a free man, wondering in what direction I should next turn my footsteps.

A passer-by accosted me, an honest Hebrew merchant of my acquaintance—Moses Cohen by

Noticing that I was in plain clothes he inquired the reason.
I explained that I was no longer in the Egyp

And what are you going to do now?" he asked. asked.

I replied that I had not yet decided.

"If you have a few hundred dollars that you care to invest in trade, I can put you in the way of making a good thing of it," with a

g wink. As I happened to be pretty well situated as far as money was concerned, I at once resolved to embrace the offer, particularly as I knew Cohen to be a shrewd, honest fellow, and so I told him that I would be pleased to join in the

He gave me the details at once. A caravan was about to start from Cairo and penetrate into the Syrian Desert, there to traffic with a certain tribe of Arabs for horses those steeds of the desert, "shod with fire,"

and for which there is always such an excellen I went with my honest Hebrew friend at once and was introduced to his partners in the

enterprise. I wo days later we set out. Counting our servants we mustered some fif-teen strong, a force rather small to encounter the perils of the desert, I thought, and so ex-pressed my opinion to my associates, but they

assured me that there was no danger; that the wild tribes never molested the trading caravans, but I noticed, though, that my honest friends were careful to keep a vigilant watch after nightfall. The danger that I dreaded came at last; we were some fifty miles from the town of Boxrah

and had got fairly into the desert, and were within two days' journey of our objective point, when our camp was rudely awakened from its slumber one night by a flerce and sudden at-

The Arabs—a horde of thieves of all the wild tribes—were upon us in full force.
Our sentries had slumbered upon their posts, and the first thing we knew of the attack was the wild yell of the fierce warriors right in our

midst.

Sleeping as I constantly did with my hand on my revolver-butt, I was ready for action in an instant. I let fly three shots and then a flerce Bedouin—a gray-bearded old chap, evidently a man of note—rode me down; I partly dodged the horse, saw the flash of the rider's steel as he whirled his saber in the air, and understanding that my head was in danger there was not appeared. that my head was in danger, threw up my arm to ward off the blow.

My head escaped the full force of the shock although getting a pretty smart tap, but my arm suffered, and, someway, over I went in a swoon. I fancy that the horse pranced sideways, knocked me down and then trod on me;

An Arab angel and no mistake! Her hands were clasped together in her lap, and with her large lustrous eyes she was gazing

anxiously into my face.

No Arab tent was this sumptuous apartment, and I marveled much as to where I was.

"You are not dead, oh, Frank!" the girl cried, her verice low and maintained.

her voice low and musical.

"No, I believe not," I answered, "although at the first sight of you I was inclined to believe that I was and had come straight to Para-She laughed; woman-like, she was not averse

to flattery.
"Oh, no," she replied: "you are still on earth and in great danger. Do you know where you

"I do not," I answered. "The Arabs are to blame for my wounded arm and my present disabled condition; but this is not an Arab

"No; you are in Boxrah, in the house of Pasha Ali Jih."

I could not repress an exclamation of aston-ishment. When we had passed through Boxrah Cohen had told me that the pasha of the town was a most inveterate old scoundrel, and was suspected of being in league with the robbers of the desert.

'It is he that instigated the attack on the caravan, and he caused you to be brought here because he learned that you are a rich Frank, and he thinks that your friends will pay a large

and he thinks that your friends will pay a large ransom for you.

I thought that it was best not to deny this pleasant fiction, for the old scoundrel of a pasha would not be apt to injure the goose that he believed would lay golden eggs for him, but I expressed my surprise that the pasha of a Turkish town should dare allow himself to be mixed up with a gang of robbers.

"Ah, but he is a cunning old wretch; he will not let any one know that you are here. He will send word to your friends that you are in the hands of the Arabs, and that he will negotiate with them to release you. He is a vile old wretch—my husband!"

I was rather astonished at this admission, made in perfect sincerity, but I held my peace.
"I am his wife!" she continued, her lip curling in scorn; "his tenth wife; he bought me of my father who was greedy enough to sell me to this old day. But I am a true child of the des

ing in scorn; "his tenth wife; he bought me of my father who was greedy enough to sell me to this old dog. But, I am a true child of the desert, and the pasha has never even dared to lay his hand upon me since I came here. He knows that I wear a dagger and that I am not afraid to use it. He trusts that in time I will be content, and so lets me do about as I like, but I will never be content with him; I want a Frank for a husband."

This was rather a strong declaration, and under the peculiar circumstances I felt a little embarrassed; but this child of nature never took the least notice of my hesitation, but proceeded coolly on in her speech:

alms with a recommendation to her to seek some place of shelter immediately, seemed in no hurton to her to seek some place of shelter immediately, seemed in no hurton to her to seek some place of shelter immediately, seemed in no hurton to her to seek some place of shelter immediately, seemed in no hurton to her to seek some place of shelter immediately, seemed in no hurton to her to seek some place of shelter immediately, seemed in no hurton to her to seek some place of shelter immediately, seemed in no hurton to her to seek some place of shelter immediately, seemed in no hurton to her to seek some place of shelter immediately, seemed in no hurton to her to seek some place of shelter immediately, seemed in no hurton to her to seek some place of shelter immediately, seemed in no hurton to her to seek some place of shelter immediately, seemed in no hurton to the cold and coming darkness; she continued to sit where she was, pretty thoroughly protected by her thick shawl, drawn over head and ears, until the lamplighter set the gas to blazing in a lamp in front of her; the continued to sit where she was, pretty thoroughly protected by her thick shawl, drawn over head and ears, until the lamplighter set the gas to blazing in a lamp in front of her; the sate of shell and coming darkness; she continued to sit where she was, pretty thoroughly be continued to sit where she was, pre

coolly on in her speech:

A MESSAGE.

BY E. Z. WAY.

You only half-promised me, brownie, When on your lips trembled adieu, To press from life's roses the honey So precious to him and to you.

Your maidenly coyness was pretty; Your eyes they were tender and deep, And in their still depths glowed the pity That shadowed the secret you'd keep.

You said: "I'll be sisterly—loving, And gracious as sister can prove; I'll give him all trust worth bestowing— But not that one proof of my love."

And so, what was yours for the choosing
Of affection strong, lasting and true—
Too precious one day t be losing—
Is lost to him and to you!"

Is your life so filled up with blisses, Dear brownie, that you can say nay To passion you know such as his is— To love no test can unsay? Oh, beautiful sophist! no longer Clasp the dull chain round you cast! And, proud in your grace, grow the stronger, To own yourself conquered at last!

Madcap,

The Little Quakeress; THE NAVAL CADET'S WOOING.

A Romance of the Best Society of the Penn City.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, THOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "WAR OF HEARTS," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

FORTUNE-TELLING.
MEANTIME the beggar to whom he had given alms with a recommendation to her to seek some

"He is tall, slender, dark—brown hair, gray eyes—a little under thirty years old. He has a scar on his left hand made by the bite of a horse; he is fond of horses," the woman went on, slowly, holding the tiny hand of the girl, with the

palm open to her inspection.

"You have seen him!" cried Myra, blushing brightly.

"Yes," said the stranger, now holding Myra's hand firmly in her strong clasp. "I have seen John Garwell. I did not come here to practice upon you the trickeries of a Gipsy. I came to you, Myra Wainwright, because I'm the possessor of a secret which you would almost give this hand to know. Can any one hear us?" looking about her.

"No, I think not. My cousin is up-stairs low," answered Myra.

With provided the force of the girl, with the Cuban left Philadelphia to return to her native island. Myra had drawn so liberally of money at the bank that every one wondered what she could do with it.

But the woman, who took two thousand dollars in gold back to Cuba, could have answered that question better than any one else.

A new spirit pervaded the home wights. Myra development of the part of th

"No, I think not. My cousin is up-stairs—
the servants at their dinner. We can speak
low," answered Myra, speaking eagerly.
With natural quickness she had connected the
assertion of the woman that she was a Cuban

assertion of the woman that she was a Cuban with some secret which should bear upon the mystery of Ethel's birth. What could this dark, poor-looking creature tell her! Was she in danger of losing all? Was she to be confirmed in her possessions? Cool as the young lady was by habit, she felt her color come and goher heart throb loudly against her side.

"I can assure you that which you have already; and I can fix your title to money and estates in Cuba which will more than double your present wealth."

estates in Cuba which will more than double your present wealth."

"How?" asked Myra, under her breath.

"That is my secret. It is a secret for which you will have to pay me well—well, liberally, extravagantly! But then you will be able to pay me well. All I ask is a thousand dollars now, and one-tenth—reflect, what a trifle, one-tenth!—of the property which I shall make it in your power to claim."

power to claim."
"That might prove to be a large sum!"

"Ay, but your portion will be nine times larger! Let me tell you first, Myra Wainwright, that I have come to you first, for a reason of my own; but that, if I am dissatisfied with you or your liberality, there remains your cousin Ethel, with whom I can treat."
"But you cannot give her what is mine!"

"But you cannot give her what is mine!"
"Ay, is it yours? Do no doubts trouble
701? Are there none to labor in your cousin's

cause?"

"I am not gainsaying you," asserted Myra, beginning to tremble. "I am willing to accept your terms, as soon as you prove to me your right to make them."

The woman again glanced about the room, went to the two doors—each of which closed behind soft blue draperies so as to appear part of the wall—dropped off her ugly shawl and stood before the heiress looking quite another

The stranger closed the door and Myra seated pretended fortune-teller could bring such a rich herself in a blue-satin-and-gilt chair, in an indoreself in a blue-satin-and-gilt chair, in an indo-it attitude.

Describe my future husband, please," she d, pertly.

could do with it.

But the woman, who took two thousand dollars in gold back to Cuba, could have answered that question better than any one else.

A new spirit pervaded the home of the Wainwrights. Myra developed a new character so rapidly that even those who suspected her latent qualities were astonished.

The meek, quiet, deprecating little creature became haughty and insolent. The old servants, who had been, some of them, years in the family, were given notice to leave. Others filled their places. Whereas, in the past, one waiting-maid had sufficed both girls, Myra now had a maid exclusively to attend upon her; and a hard time the girl had of it trying to please a mistress as capricious as she was unfeeling.

But this servant, for some reason, chose to remain with her. She was a young person who had presented herself in answer to an advertisemain with her. She was a young person who had presented herself in answer to an advertisement; a Frenchwoman, by birth, she was represented to be, in the reference which she brought, but speaking English quite well; bright and pleasant in her manners, neat in her dress, with a really pretty face laughing out from under her white cap. She was so tasteful in the arrangement of her young lady's hair, and could tell so much better than mademoiselle herself what became her most—giving a richness and tone to the flaxen hair and small features which they never before possessed—that Myra was anxious to keep her, while, at the same time, she made the girl the victim of numberless petty persecutions.

Though in mourning, and paying outward deference to her uncle's memory, Myra indulged in every pleasure allowable, and waited with burning impatience for the first six months of mourning to pass, so that she might be free to launch out into the full tide of gay society.

Every day her manner toward her cousing grew more indifferent and more patronizing. Ethel felt that insolent manner most keenly. She had lost father, lover, fortune, and now she had to bear this assumption of superiority on the part of this girl whom she had loved and cherished as a sister when Myra was pemiless and friendless.

Ethel tried bravely to endure this daily tor-

Ethel tried bravely to endure this daily torture, as she bore her other sufferings, silently

and sadly.

But she felt a burning indignation which almost prompted her to leave the house forever when Myra, between Christmas and New Year's, changed the furniture of the mansion as she had changed the servants. The massive, but elegant and appropriate furniture, chosen by her uncle's taste, was sent to the auction-rooms, and, in its place, came sumptuous things, as if Myra had been the "Queen of France," for whom nothing was too luxurious.

Yet no one had the power to interfere.

The will had been admitted to probate—Ethel not contesting—and Myra being of age, there was no one with the right to check her extravagance. She acted as if the five hundred thousand dollars of her uncle's estate were five millions. No one, save herself, knew what the and sadly

sand dollars of her uncle's estate were five millions. No one, save herself, knew what the Cuban had revealed to her; or some clew might have been had to her senseless expenditure. Ethel looked on in indignation and dismay. Everything prospered with little Myra. Everything which went to make up the sum of Ethel's trouble went to her aggrandizement. Yes! she had even won John Garwell to be her lover, before the first day of the New Year! Circumstance, that "unspiritual God," had favored her in that desire of her heart, as in everything else.

everything else.

For a terrible misfortune had overtaken that other house in Walnut street, of whose inmates

we know something.

A few days before Christmas Coralie Clyde had kissed her aunts a laughing good-by for an hour, having been recommended to cease fums and to run out for a breath of air and a

Aunt Priscilla had seen with regret—and perhaps a tinge of remorse—that the smooth cheeks of her niece were growing less round and far more white, as the early day set for her marriage with the man of their choice app The anxious aunt had sought to quie

onscience by a lavish expenditure of money on the coming event. Coralie had every pretty article purchased for her which she could be coaxed to say she admired. The old ladies had new dove-colored satins, of so solid a texture that they would "stand alone," in preparation, to be worn at the ceremony. There was a dia-dem of pearls in course of construction at Bailey's, which was to be worn on those wayward, dancing curls along with the bridal vail, and in unison with the lovely necklace which they had previously given her. Nothing was spared that would please their darling. Many gay things, not approved by the Friends, found their way into the sober, highly respectable

dwelling.

But Coralie smiled less day by day; and sha shrunk from the visits of the bridegroom-elect in a strange way which kept her aunts more un-

easy than they cared to confess.

And on this cold and blustering December day, when, seeing how white and still she was, they advised a brisk walk, she went very will ingly to take it; and either some fearful accident happened to her or she forgot to come back.

Most people considered it a case of abduction or murder. She was almost a child in years, or murder. She was almost a child in years, innocent, and perilously beautiful. Some wretch or wretches must have dogged her steps and snatched her ruthlessly away from her life of joy and beauty—from loving aunts and woriping lover-from the bridal jewels and the

The whole city was startled.

The Misses Featherflight, mercifully for them, did not believe in their secret thoughts that Coralie had been abducted; but they allowed others to think they did.

Almost as dreadful, it seemed to them, was the thing they suspected—that she had run away to be married to that penniless and name-

away to be married to that permises and hambers youth to whom she had avowed she was "engaged." There was in such a course—they thought, in their pride—a more bitter disgrace than to meet her fate at the hands of ruffians. Covertly they employed a detective, who ascertained for them that Bertram Leigh, cadet, actually sailed in the Mohawk, as he had

had actually sailed in the Mohawk, as he had said he should do—that the ship was still far south on her coasting expedition—that young Leigh was still on board of her—had not left her except with others for a night or a day at some port—that, most certainly, Coralie had

not gone to him.

After that, a horrible fear that something murderous had happened to the child, made the murderous had happened to the child, made the murderous wretched. The more so as time wore on,

"I could not find you," apologized her cousin.
"I was shut up in the boudoir with a Gipsy. These poor beggars take every way to get a dollar. She teased me so hard I had to humor her."

"I trust she predicted only fair weather," remarked Ethel, pleasantly.
"She contrived to invest her nonsense with an air of truth," answered Myra. "I gave her a gold piece, my fortune was so bright. I'll take a bit of that iced souffle, Ethel, please;" but when she had the souffle before her Myra scarcely touched it; but waited for her coffee, which she took eagerly.
Ethel, grave and sad, as she always was since that loss which had come so suddenly upon her, noticed some subtle change in the expression of her companion's face.
"Myra is a giddy thing, for a girl of her age,"

her companion's face.

"Myra is a giddy thing, for a girl of her age," she thought, seeing how the mere flattery of a solution in the eyes of a young girl, and had followed her to the bridge.

"Fool that I was!" he said to himself, with a



An Arab Angel, and no mistake.

"Yes, I have made up my mind to marry a Frank"—all Europeans are Franks to the wild children of the desert. "The Franks only have "Yes; with Miss Myra Wainwright. She is cheeker and showed a feet which once must be cheeker and showed a feet which once must one wife, and I think that is much the best

In this I cordially agreed with her. "If I help you to escape from here what would you be willing to do for the service?" she asked, bluntly.

I could not very well evade the question, although I had a suspicion of what she was driv-

"Almost anything," I answered.

"Are you married, Frank?"

I replied that I had not that happiness.

"If I aid you to escape from here will you

A man will do much for life, and to marry a deuced pretty girl is not a very bad pill to endure, particularly when a man is heart-free, but I qualified the acceptance a little.

"Yes; aid me to escape and I will either marry you myself or find some other Frank for

This was perfectly satisfactory to her, and so

This was perfectly active the bargain was made.

Within a week I had recovered sufficiently to make the attempt, and at the dead of night we stole out of the castle. Gulnare, so she was called, had arranged everything, bribed the guards, provided horses, and soon we were safe

We made our way at once to Damascus, and there, as luck would have it, I stumbled upon an old acquaintance, a young Frenchman who had been attached to the French legation at Cairo, and who was noted for falling in love with every pretty woman he saw.

She stopped at the foot of the stein and leaked.

The result was as I had anticipated; he was fascinated at once, and as the Arab girl wanted a Frank, and wasn't particular which Frank, the match was made at once, and the last time I heard of them they were getting on finely to-gether; she was a beauty, but I'm not a marry-ing man, otherwise probably I should have never been able to resist the charms of My Arab

What are the characteristics of a truly beau-What are the characteristics of a truly beautiful woman we learn from a letter to a Chicago paper, which says: "Mrs. Schenck, the daughter of Jere S. Black, is one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. She is tall, slender, the days arrives and the same of omplexioned, with a dark crimson glow ing in her cheeks, big, dangerous eyes, black as coals—eyes trained to deal destruction by their anyway, when I recovered I was sore in every limb.

Some time elapsed before I recovered my senses. When I came to it was broad daylight and I found myself reclining on a sumptuous couch in an apartment well furnished after the Eastern style; my arm had been placed in a sling, refreshments were on a low stool by my couch, and a few paces from my bedside, reclining on an ottoman, was as fair a dusky maid as ever my eyes had looked upon.

Cameron's mansion."

coals—eyes trained to deal destruction by their delicious glances; regular features, iron-clad hair, an animated face—a woman who in the prime of life has more than her girlish beauty, combined with the ease which years of society, travel and admiration have given her—a woman who will always be surrounded by devoted followers, whether she remains the widows Schenck or becomes the stepmother of the daz-ling blonde who now does the honors of Don Cameron's mansion."

eu to know, too, what her chances were with John Garwell; she was idle, and reflected that she might amuse herself until dimner with this she might amuse herself until delicious glances; regular features, iron-clad delicio

mistress here, now, is she not? Tell her that a person who knows how to tell fortunes wants to

"I don't think she'll take up with such foolishness, old woman. Come in; but I sha'n't leave you a-standing here, when I don't know what you may be after. Tummas! Here, Tummas, you boy, stand 'ere an' watch the old witch w'ile I tells our young lady as she presents her compliments an' would request the

pleasure of a say-ance with her."

The woman's keen black eyes flashed a look after the footman; then turning to the boy she remarked, with a grim smile:
"Ay, watch me close, little one; I might car

ry off one o' these statues, or the newel-post, if you don't have a care!"

But, the footman did not have to leave Buttons long in charge; 'the new mistress' was flit-ting down the stairs to sit a little while in the

drawing-room before dinner.

The keen, searching eyes of the woman were fixed upon her as she floated down—small, airly,

elry to show that she was in mourning

with every pretty woman he saw.

He was the very man for my purpose. I took im up to my quarters and introduced him to my quarters and my quarters and introduced him to my quarters and my quarters and introduced him to my quarters and m Not for an instant did the piercing eyes of the stranger leave her face.

"I beg your parding, miss," said the man, "she would come in. She says she wants to tell your fortune, miss, an' I was coming to see you about it."
"You'd better take her down to Norah and

"No, my lady, it is you that I have come to tell a fine fortune to," spoke up the woman, advancing quite near to the young lady. "I'm a Cuban, lady, and I'm said to have a gift. I can tell many things in the future; I never foil" Peggy, Bribes.

fail."

Now Myra was not without a spice of super

She was secretly muc stition in her nature. She was secretly much troubled, also, with doubts whether the wonder ful good fortune that had come to her would stay; she dwelt much, mentany, or the probable endeavors to break the will; she wanted to know, too, what her chances were with the was idle, and reflected that

cheeks, and showed a face which once must have been splendidly striking, with its rich brown skin, its straight brows, and its fine dark eyes. Her hair was black, thick and long-beautiful still, though its owner must have been

nearly forty. She wore large gold earrings and a broad gold necklace.

Altogether there was an air of power about her—not as if she had ever belonged to a high class; but as if energy and ambition of spirit had raised her above the station in which she was here. More thought here present a before deborn. Myra thought her a person to be feared as

"When I have said to you what I have to say. you can judge how far to trust me, young lady—whether I can do you a service, and if you desire —whether I can do you a service, and if you desire me to do you that service. You are ambitious," she remarked, suddenly fixing on the girl her powerful gaze; "I think you like the first place—money, independence—to be your own mistress and to dictate to others. This awaits you—you have only to reach out and take everything. You can be a queen. But I must have my reward for serving you. I want money; I, too, have my ambition."

"You shall have plenty of money," murmured Myra, whose cheeks were red and whose eyes on fire at these alluring promises.

on fire at these alluring promises.
"You must swear to betray nothing until I

give you leave."
"I swear, now and here, by my own soul, to betray nothing."
"Then I am ready to breathe a story into your ears to which no one in this broad world has the key but myself. One other person knows a part of this story—thinks she knows all—but is deceived. It is your interest to keep secret what I tell you; so I have no fear in making you my confederate."

She drew a footstool in front of the fair heiress, knelt down on it, and a long conference fol-

"I have been having my fortune told!" said "I have been having my fortune told!" said Myra, gayly, as she went in to dinner an hour later, and found Ethel there alone, with the dessert before her. "What! have you dined? That is lucky, for I have no appetite."
"I could not find you," apologized her cousin.
"I was shut up in the boudoir with a Gipsy. These poor beggars take every way to get a dollar. She teased me so hard I had to humor

sinking of the heart, "to be duped into letting her go! It was all a ruse on her part, taking the car. Doubtless she returned to the river as soon as she could, unobserved, and threw herself in! I saw self-murder in her white face. I almost feel as if her death lays at my door."

Evelyn did, indeed, feel terribly agitated in recalling that perhaps if he had persisted in watching her, he might have saved a human life. But, it would do no good to brood over the unrecallable. He was to start at noon, on a steamer bound for Havana, and on which his passage was already taken, on his curious errand—like that of some medieval knight—of righting the wrongs of his fair ladye.

Surely, his impulse and his purpose were as pure and gallant as those of any plumed knight who ever fought in a maiden's cause. Webster Evelyn might never have taken the fancy of a romantic girl, like one of those graceful heroes of the tournament, as he stepped out of Mr. Dobell's office, buttoning about his tall figure his frayed overcoat: but at heart he was the noblest of noble cavaliers.

He set out on his search with absolutely no clew to what he sought, except the fact that Cyrill Wainwright had married a Cuban lady,

INCLE REMUS'S CORN-SHUCKING
SOMG.

"OH! GO 'WAY, SINDY ANN!"

SOMG:

"OH! GO 'WAY, SINDY ANN!"

Oh, de fus' news you know de day'll be a-breakin'

(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)

Oh, honey! w'en you see dem ripe stars a-fallin'—

(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de

He set out on his search with absolutely no clew to what he sought, except the fact that Cyrill Wainwright had married a Cuban lady, in such a year; and had returned on such another year, saying that he was a widower, and bringing with him a little girl of two years, who, he said, was his daughter, and always treated as such until the day of his death; but whom, in his will, he declared not to be his daughter, and as had disinherited her.

treated as such until the day of his death; but whom, in his will, he declared not to be his daughter, and so had disinherited her.

It had seemed strange to Mr. Dobell, when he first set out to make inquiries about Mr. Wainwright's early life, that in reality his most intimate friends knew so little on the subject. Everything had been taken for granted.

Cyrill Wainwright had been an only child; his father had been a highly-respected merchant of the city, and had sent his son, at the age of twenty-three, down to Cuba, to attend to some sugar interests which he had there.

Cyrill's nearest friends could only recall, when questioned, that his father had died while the son was in Cuba; that Cyrill was said to have married the daughter of a wealthy planter; that he had been called home on the death of his father, and had returned, in deep distress, having also lost his wife, not a month before; and that he brought with him his child, little Ethel; and had, from that time on, lived quietly in his Philadelphia home, devoted to his daughter, and the memory of his wife who had died in her youth, and for whose sake he had never again married. That when his brother failed in business, and afterward died, he invited his brother's daughter, Myra, to share his home, and be a companion for Ethel.

failed in business, and atterward died, he invited his brother's daughter, Myra, to share his
home, and be a companion for Ethel.
It was a suspicious point that, on questioning
Ethel, she could not reveal her mother's family
name, and that there was no record of it among
Mr. Wainwright's papers.
Mr. Dobell had been forced to the conclusion
that Ethel's appearance on the stage was due

Mr. Dobel had been forced to the conclusion that Ethel's appearance on the stage was due to some love-affair in which the young mer-chant had become entangled with some one far below him in the social scale; that he might, below him in the social scale; that he might, indeed, have even misrepresented the real character of his alliance in order to bring home this child as his own; but, why, in that case he should have brought the child and reared her as his daughter and heiress, puzzled the lawyer. Of course, he had not betrayed his suspicions to Ethel

It was this fact that Mr. Wainwright had always treated the girl as his daughter and legal heir, which fastened itself in Evelyn's mind.

He loved that unhappy, disinherited young lady. For the love he bore her, in silence and without return, he had resolved to do all that a sharp, patient lawyer could do, to ascertain what her position really was, and to look for some good reason for an attempt to break the will and restore to her what she had lost.

And so he sailed for Cuba without even the

encouragement of feeling that she wished any one to interfere.

When the New Year came in, Evelyn was in

Cuba, Coralie Clyde was as completely lost as if she had soared to the sky, and John Garwell, in the desperate necessities of his situation, was devoting himself to a woman whom he despised far more than he loved—Myra Wainwright.

Coralie's flight had placed him in an awkward and uneasy plight. The creditors whom he had silenced with fair promises came about him again like a swarm of wasps. His father, to whom some of them had appealed, was very angry with him; would not advance ten dollars angry with him; would not advance ten dollars beyond the sum necessary for his daily wants, and even threatened to turn him out of his house. In this desperate plight he naturally recalled the flattering preference of Miss Myra for himself.

He had fancied sweet little Coralie well endered to the flattering preference of the naturally recalled the flattering preference of the nat

He had fancied sweet little Coralie well enough to be satisfied to compel her to become his wife; but the vain, selfish Myra he had his wife; but the vain, scaled and fathomed only to despise. How-studied and fathomed only to despise. Howon New Year's evening at her feet! Scarcely two weeks since Coralie's disappear

ance, yet he was already the suitor of another and wealthier lady

That first day of the New Year had been a long, miserable day to Ethel. As when we first saw her standing by the window in the first agony of her father's illness, so she stood now, for hours—a little back from the view of the for hours—a little back from the view of the hundreds of "callers" who thronged that fashionable street—staring, with strange, bright, feverish eyes at the glittering equipages rolling by. This gay, outside world was so changed to her from what it had been, a year ago!

She knew that John Garwell came often to see Myra. She now knew him as he was—an unprincipled man; but it is almost as hard to root out a dead love as a living one—and to tear

root out a dead love as a living one—and to tear the traitor from her warm, tender, human heart gave her many a fierce pang, notwithstanding her respect for him was dead.

sadly and wisely she looked on, wondering at Myra more even than at him: for she ew that her cousin was not deceived in his aracter or motives. She did not know that Myra long had loved him, with a passionate, reckless devotion which some persons can give to a single object, while they are hard and selfish to all the rest of the world.

John Garwell had opened the one sweet foun-

tain in Myra's spirit; for him it shone clear and

day stole swiftly on. The Wainwrights, owing to their mourning, did not receive.

A servant came to call Miss Ethel to the five

o'clock dinner. She was cold and pale, and had eaten nothing since breakfast; but she felt as if the sight of the table, with Myra at its head, would be hateful to her; so she lingered a few minutes where she was; then went slowly down the broad stairs; but, when she reached the main hall it required more firmness than she had left to keep on to the dining-room. She turned and entered the little boudoir back

of the double drawing-rooms. It was dark there, and peaceful. The windows of the boudoir faced the west. Through the parted long silken curtains came the light of a just-risen full moon, whose silver radiance struggled coldly with the warm flush of sunset. Ethel, choking down her tears—lonely, desolate, sick of life slipped in here, went to one of the windows, dropped the heavy curtains behind her, and stood there a long, long time, in a dream-world illuminated by moonlight—a world once sweet as June, but ghastly and frozen now, like the poor rose-bushes which rattled their icy branch-

es against the pane.

"Alone! alone! Oh, I wish I were dead!"
whispered her dry lips, as she lifted her beautiful, pallid face—like marble in that silver light

Poor Ethel! she knew nothing of the one rave, earnest heart which loved her with true, manly love—the love that protects, that reveres, that works for its idol. She never gave a thought to the poor young lawyer who was serving her, or trying to serve her, with his

Absorbed in her own intense emotions, she did not hear or see the entrance of two people

Fer de los' ell-an'-yard iz a-huntin' for de mornin', (Hi O! git 'long! go 'way!) An' she'll ketch up widdus 'fo' we ever git dis corn (Oh, go 'way, Sindy Ann!)

Oh, honey! w'en you hear dat tin horn a-tootin'—
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)
Oh, honey, w'en you hear de squinch-owl a-hootin'
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)
Oh, honey! w'en you hear dem little pigs a-rootin'—
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)
Right den she's a-comin', a-skippin' an' a-scootin'
(Hi O! Miss Sindy Ann!)

Oh, honey! w'en you hear dat roan mule whicker— (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!) W'en you see 'Mister Moon turnin' pale an' gittin'

sicker— (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!) Den hit's time fer to handle dat corn a little quicker—
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)
Ef you wanter git a smell uv ole Master's jug er
licker—
(Hi O! Sindy Ann!)

You niggers ober dar! You better stop your dan-

oin'—

(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)

No use fer to come a-slingin' uv yo' "shan'ts" in—
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)

No use fer to come a-slingin' uv yo' "can'ts" in—
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)

Kaze dey ain't no time for yo' puttin' on yo (Hi O! Miss Sindy Ann!)

Mister Rabbit see de fox an' he sass um an' he jaws um-(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!) Mister Fox ketch de rabbit, an' he scratch um an

he claws um—

(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)

An' he t'ar off de hide, an' he chaws um an' h

An' he t'ar on ue had, gnaws um— (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!) Same like gal chawin' sweet gum and rozzum— (Hi O! Miss Sindy Ann!)

Oh, work on, boys! give dese shucks a mighty ringin'— (Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)
'Fore de boss come aroun a-dangin' an' a-dingin'—
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)
Git up an' move aroun'! set dem big han's ter
swingin'—

swingin'—
(Hey O! Hi O! Up'n down de Bango!)
Git up'n shout loud! let de white tolks hear yo (Hi O, Miss Sindy Ann!)

The Poisoned Apple.

THE feast was high in Camelot, and the knights of King Arthur, around that magical board which the skill of Merlin reared, drank to the health of Arthur and the peerless Queen

The stainless king, as he looked down the line of noble faces, felt that his work had been well done. In all that fair assembly there was not one knight who had not earned his place by deeds of provess with lance, sword, mace or battle-ax. There sat Lancelot du Lac, the knight so matchless in arms, who had but one stain upon his honor; Gawaine, ready of wit, brave as a lion, second only to Lancelot and the king; Tristram, whose mournful eyes seemed looking

best, who had come on a strange errand. Men said that, leagued with Modred, the evil brother of King Arthur, he sought to trail the fame of Junevere in the dust, and from time to time her glorious eyes fell on him with a strange, inent look, as if she would have read his very

I make you welcome, Sir Hector," she said. at last. "Men speak well of thy valor, and ere you turn again to the hills of Scotland, I fain would see splintering of lances between thee and our valiant knights; and we have many. will meet them as I may, fair queen," he

said: "the best can do no more The queen looked down the board, and saw near her hands, upon a silver dish, a heap of beautiful apples. Selecting one, as a mark of favor, she laid it in the hand of Sir Hector. "Thou hast been taught to love the simple fruit of the earth," she said. "Take this from

The rugged Scotchman looked at the fruit The fruit of the tree of knowledge of good

nd evil, as our legends say," he answered. With this our first mother tempted Adam; and certes, Eve was not fairer than thou, my The feast went on, and the knight ate the

apple given him by the queen. All at once there came a horrible gurgling cry, and Sir Hector was seen upon his feet, clutching at his throat, as if choking.
"Poisoned!" he cried.
"My death lie heavy

on you, traitress; by your hand I die.
"No, no!" cried Guinevere. "As
bread I knew not of this."

"False!" cried the dying knight. "I call all here to witness that by the hand of Queen Guinevere I am foully slain." The words had scarcely passed his lips when, with a horrible convulsion, he fell upon his face. Many ran to hot him, but when his face was

turned to the light they saw that all was over. Sir Hector was dead. "False queen!" cried Modred, ever ready to do any evil; "this good knight spoke the truth, for many here saw you place the apple in his

I did, I did!" was the reply; "but God is my judge that I knew not of the poison. If he died through this, I knew nothing of it."

At this moment the clash of arms was heard,

and a knight of noble presence, preceded by a herald, strode into the hall. All recognized the plazon which he bore, the mountain cat leaping on his prey, and knew that he was one of the house of Sir Hector. As he threw up his visor he revealed a haughty face, very like that of the man who lay dead beside the great table. He was about to speak, when his eyes rested upon that dead face, which, with its protruding

"I come in good time, oh my brother," he cried, falling on his knees beside the body. "I was warned that evil would come to us here. Now liest thou here, cold and dead; but at least I may awange thee."

ut his mailed and sinewy arm.
"Hear, oh king!" he cried; "hear, ye knights

of Arthur's court. Evil was the hour when my brother Hector, trusting to your honor, set foot on this unhallowed floor. My brother's blood cries for justice, and justice I will have, if I turning to the judges.

"Ay!" was the response.

"Ay!" was the response.

"Ay!" was the response.

"Ay!" was the response.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 412.) the king, "even though the proof should strike

down one dearer to me than life itself. Break up the banquet! To the hall of judgment!" "Lay hands upon her first," said Modred, sternly. "I accuse her, that murderess, Queen Guinevere, with the death of this good knight,

Guinevere, with the death of this good knight, Sir Hector of Liddlesdale."

"Let no man accuse her save myself," shouted Sir Evan, who had been speaking in a hurried tone to Modred. "This noble prince will bear me witness, and I am ready to do battle to the death with any man, your best and bravest, who dares say that she hath not slain my brother by poison."

"To the judgment-hall!" repeated Arthur, proudly. "If this be proved, I have no queen, and she is nothing more to me than any common malefactor. Come, I say; to judgment!"

They passed through the lofty halls of the cattle followed by a dozen men-atterns who

castle, followed by a dozen men-at-arms who led among them the accused. Her face was ghastly pale, for, innocent or guilty, she saw but too well that it would be hard to prove that she had not slain the knight. In the great she had not slain the knight. In the great judgment-hall sat the twelve lawgivers, and in the center rose the great throne upon which King Arthur sat when giving judgment. The face of the noble king was set in stern resolve as he went up the dais and seated himself in the 'Place the accused at the bar!" he said, and

The strinking queen, with her golden hair falling about her in a rippling flow, and her pale face cast down, was led forward.

"Who accuseth this woman?" demanded King Arthur. "Let him speak."

"Who accuse the this woman," demanded King Arthur. "Let him speak."
Sir Evan advanced.
"I, Evan of Liddlesdale, prince in my own realm, do avow on my knightly honor that Queen Guinevere hath slain my brother by poison. And this I will uphold, with lance, mace, or dagger, under knightly shield, against any man who dares to say that she is innocent, even the king himself."

man who dares to say that she is innocent, even the king himself."

'Sir Evan," was the proud reply, "I sit here as a judge, not to do battle for those accused of foul crimes. Doubtless, if she is innocent, God will raise her up a champion; if guilty, let her bear the blame and punishment."

"Thus I accuse her, oh, king!" cried Evan of Liddlesdale. "There I throw down my gauntlet for him to lift who dares to take the sword for a foul murderess."

for a foul murderess."

Sir Lancelot had already taken a step to raise the glove, when Modred spoke:
"Touch it not, Sir Lancelot. I demand from
the king that this knight, who is even as guilty
as the queen, shall not take up the sword for

"It is just," said the king, coldly. "Go, Sir Lancelot, you may not be her champion."

Sir Lancelot looked wildly at the king, and reading the stern resolution in his eyes, uttered a cry of pain, and fied from the judgment-hall, like one demented.

"See, see!" cried Modred. "Thus the guilty fly before their accusers.

"Be silent, my brother," commanded the king. "Speak, Guinevere; what say you to the charge?"

charge?"
"I am innocent, oh, king," she cried. "I had
no hand in the death of this knight."
The king inclined his head slowly, and ordered her to be removed from the room while he
consulted with the judges. Not long after she
was brought in, and the king pronounced judg-

nt. 'This is the sentence of your judges, Guine-re." he said, in a sad tone. "From the morn-"This is the sentence of your judges, Guinevere," he said, in a sad tone. "From the morning until the setting of the sun you will stand at the stake with the fagots piled about you. If a champion appears in your behalf, well; if not, when the sun goes down, the hand of the executioner shall light the pile. God aid you, and give you a champion!"

The morning came, bright and fair, and in the open plain outside the walls of Camelot, where the jousts were held, the fated queen stood bound to the stake. All about her, in a great circle, held back by the lists, was a vast

The king, covered from head to foot, even to his face, sat upon his throne at one side of the lists. At the upper end Sir Evan had set up his shield before his tent, waiting for the man who dared to strike it in defense of Guinevere, while to do battle.

The day wore on, the sun passed meridian, and yet no man had dared to lift the hand in the cause of the accused. Nearly all believed her guilty, some doubted only, and not one had sufficient faith in her innocence to take up arms in her behalf, since Lancelot had been driven

Guilty or innocent, she had hoped that her sweet face, and the royal kindness she had shown to many, would have earned her one friend. But at this time, not one of the family of Lancelot or her own brothers, were in or near Camelot, and so strong was the suspicion that

It was growing later, and as the sun slanted from the sky a murmur of expectation was heard, and the multitude swayed to and fro as f moved by a mighty wind.

f moved by a migney wind.
"Not one friend, not one!" sadly sighed the
nueen. "Lancelot, Lancelot, the only one who
would have fought in my behalf, right or
wrong, has been driven from me. And Arthur, wrong, has been driven from me. And Arthur, my king, sits there with covered face and will

At this moment, while the last rays of the cending sun glistened on the orbed shield of Sir Evan, there was a sudden commotion at the entrance to the lists, and a man clothed from head to foot in linked mail, bearing a without blazon or device of any kind, rod Once he made the circuit of the lists, and

paused before the captive queen.
"Speak, Guinevere," he said, in a voice which
sounded strange and hollow behind his barred visor. "Speak, and truly, fair queen. In the name of God, are you guilty or innocent of this

"Fair knight," replied the sad queen, "I swear to you by my queenly honor, by my mother's spirit, by everything I hold holy and pure, that I am stainless in this crime which is imported to me!"

"Remember that he who draws sword for thee must die if he fail," he added. "Do me no

wrong, fair queen."
"If you fight this battle, Sir Knight," she answered, "do it boldly, for I am as innocent as your own mother of this crime."

The stranger knight sprung from the saddle, pressed his lips to the hand of the queen, and sprung again to his steed. Riding close to the orung again to his steed. Riding close to the cheon of his lance until it rung again, and the bold Scotchman sprung out.
"Ha!" he cried. "Wilt do battle for this fair

"Ay," was the response, "to the death, an

The trumpets sounded, and Sir Evan sprung armed into the saddle, while the unknown retreated to his place in the lists and couched his lance, which he had taken from a squire who

"God defend the right!" cried the grand marshal, and the trumpets sounded, and the two knights, bending low in the saddle, urged their shal, and the stroke the shock. Hard was the stroke the was about to speak, when his eyes rested upon that dead face, which, with its protruding tongue and staring eyes, seemed to mock him.

"I come in good time, oh my brother," he was warned that evil would come to us here. Now liest thou here, cold and dead; but at least I may avenge thee."

I may avenge thee."

"Heer oh king" he evied, "here we have the stranger back new the stranger. Back he went until he almost lay along the horse's back, but still he kept his seat, and swept on, but the point of his lance, catching the Scot under the gorget, fairly lifted him from the saddle, and sent him flying through the air with tremendous fore, and he rolled over and over on the ground with a tremendous crash. Down sprung the stranger knight dagger in hand, and set his foot upon the breast of the prostrate knight, with its protruding to the shock. Hard was the stroke the scott with the shock. Hard was the stroke the went until he almost lay along the horse's back, but still he kept his seat, and swept on, but the gorget, fairly lifted him from the saddle, urged their shal, and the trumpets sounded, and the two knights, bending low in the saddle, urged their shal, and the trumpets sounded, and the trumpets shal, and the trumpets sounded, and the trumpets shal, and the trumpets sounded, and the two knights, bending low in the saddle, urged their shal, and the trumpets sounded, and the trumpets shal, and the "God defend the right!" cried the grand mar

Yield or you die!" cried the victor. There was no reply; Sir Evan lay silent on the sod, and the king threw his warder down.

"was the response. "Guinevere, Queen

haughty gesture to them to stand aside, she approached her champion.

"Sir Knight," she said, "faithful among the faithless, I must see thy face."

The stranger threw off his helmet clasps, and, The stranger threw off his helmet clasps, and, without raising his visor, hurled the helmet suddenly aside. Guinevere gave a cry of joy, and sprung into his waiting arms, for in her champion she saw her husband, Arthur, the stainless king. And the man who had taken his place, hurling off his drapery, revealed the face of Galahad. But, the victory was won, and at the feet of the king lay the form of Evan, of Liddlesdale, cold and dead.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

BY OCTOBER JAMES.

Mount not Pegasus, humble youth of rhyme, Without expecting many a goodly fall! The fairest visions of thy summer-time May prove like flower leaves, withered after all.

The brightest hues e'er donned by heather bells, The richest perfumes of the lovely rose, Will lose their beauty and their fragrant spells, If we their petals to the sun expose.

When safely seated on thy gallant steed, With firm hand holding at the bridle rein, Some pestering critic, with an inky reed, Unseats and leaves you in the dust again!

Silver Star, THE BOY KNIGHT

The Mystery of Osman, the Outlaw.

A PRAIRIE ROMANCE. BY OLL COOMES.

CHAPTER XV MOMENTS OF TERROR.

"UGH!" was the ejaculation of the red-skin, as he glided into the room and shot his black, snakish eyes about, permitting them to rest upon the white, terrified face of the fair Hel-

lice.
"Red-skin!" exclaimed Sparrowhawk, "why
do you intrude here in the Spirit Swamp?"
"Come git scalps—purty squaws—heap lubly," was the answer given in English, such as it

The eyes of Sparrowhawk fairly blazed. The ferocity of a demon and the desperation of a madman became set upon his handsome, manly face. The very muscles of his face and neck seemed to contract into hard knots, while his whole person seemed surrounded with a nimbus

of superhuman power.

"Red-skin, you and I are not enemies—we are strangers," he said, in measured accents; "but come another step and you shall die."

The savage laid his hand upon his tomahawk,

and feeling secure in the presence of his friends, he straightened himself up to his full hight and took a short step forward.

The next instant he fell dead—shot through

Without rose a fierce, savage yell, but before another Blackfoot could enter, Silver Star sprung forward and slammed the door shut and bolted it.

Again the savages tore the night with their yells, and the blows of tomahawks fell thick and fast upon the door—a frail barricade to long esist such an assault.

Sparrowhawk saw the door must soon yield.

In silent terror, and with a burning humiliation, he turned to Silver Star. He glanced at the fearless young scout, then at Hellice and Elwe. The light in his eye had changed. His spirit the light in his eye had changed. His spirit was unbending.

A silence had now seized upon the besieged. Thick and rattling fell the blows upon the loor—blows that seemed to awaken echoes in

door—blows that seemed to awaken echoes in the chambers of Sparrowhawk's soul.

"Silver Star," the young recluse finally said, "if you can, I beg you to forgive me. I have wronged you. Death stares us all in the face."

"I hold no malice—no ill-will toward you, Sparrowhawk," was the truly noble reply.

The two clasped hands and were friends.

A cry of joy burst from the lips of the maidens.

"Hellice, you and Elwe go into the back room—hide in the cellar," said Sparrowhawk; then turning to the young scout, continued:

Silver Star, do you think there is any hope? "God only knows; but we cannot die in a better cause than in defending those innocent

Never, Silver Star, nev- Ah! the door i Sparrowhawk blew out the light as the door burst in. Darkness filled the room and concealed the defenders; but they could see the sha-

dowy forms of the savages against the moon The revolver that Sparrowhawk would have raised against Silver Star now opened its deadly fire upon the yelling fiends. Side by side the two, Sparrewhawk and Silver Star, stood deal-

ing death to the advancing foe. Over the Spirit Swamp, the first time, perhaps, since creation's morn, rung the din of conflict But such an uneven contest was not to last ong. The revolvers of the defenders would soon Sparrowhawk finally seized his companion by

the arm, and drawing him into the back room closed and barred the partition door. The savages, a dozen strong, poured into the While they are pounding away at this door, we must try and escape," said Sparrowhawk "come, Silver Star, let us join the girls in the

The two descended the ladder into the cellar, where the girls stood trembling with terror.
"Now let us go outside and make a run for

They ascended the steps to the outside entrance, and stood in the shadow of the building. The savages were now inside, yelling like fiends, and thundering about in the darkness in

earch of the whites. For a moment our friends stood by the cabin, conversing in hurried whispers; but, presently, they broke and ran toward the landing, Sparrowhawk taking the lead and the young scout

bringing up behind. A savage left on guard at the landing gave Asvage tell on guard at the landing gave the alarm. Sparrowhawk shot him dead.

Those in the cabin heard the pistol-shot, and at once came pouring from the house and yelling, toward the landing. Hellice and Elwe sprung into the first canoe they came to. Sparrowhawk gave the boat a shove and sent it eliding across the open water into the reads. gliding across the open water into the reeds. Then he and Silver Star leaped into another boat and pulled out rapidly after the maidens, and in a moment they, too, were concealed from view of the red-skins in that wilderness of

reeds.

The crash of rifles and the rattle of bullets, like hail, among the reeds followed.

"Thank God, we have escaped with our lives, if nothing else," said Sparrowhawk, dropping his paddle and inserting cartridges into his re-

Yes, Sparrowhawk, but we are not out of danger yet," replied the Boy Knight.
"No; and so let us hurry forward and overtake the girls. We can then take them into our canoe and endeavor to elude the savages before we leave the swamp," said Sparrowhawk, tak-ing up the paddle and driving the canoe into the

narrow passage through the reeds.

They followed the path familiar to himself and his sister, supposing the girls would follow that course to the river. They moved along as fast as two paddles would carry them, and to their surprise and regret were not in sight or hearing of the maidens when half the distance to the river was made.

It's singular we don't overtake them," said They hurried in to release her, and making a Silver Star; "we surely haven't passed them."

"No; Hellice would have kept this passage; moreover, they are in a light cance and sister handles a paddle with wonderful skill. We'll be apt to find them at the river."

With this assurance they glided along. They were nearing the river, and as the girls were still not in sight, Sparrowhawk began to feel pressy.

uneasy.

Finally they glided out into the river. The moonlight flooded the stream. Quickly the young men glanced up and down the glimmering, placid waters; but nowhere could the girls

be seen.

"My God!" cried Sparrowhawk, "we have missed them, Silver Star!"

"And I fear the worst for them."

With the strength of a madman Sparrowhawk dipped his paddle and sent the canoe leaping through the water back into the reeds, then stopped and listened. But nothing on earth save the roar of the rising wind rushing over the wilderness of reeds could be heard.

"Oh heavens! this is too bad. My poor sister! my poor little friend, Elwe!" groaned the young recluse.

We may find them yet, Sparrowhawk; let

us go back the way we came and search the side

"We'll be sure to meet the accursed Blackfeet; but then, why should I care? I am growing desperate. This is worse than the torture-rack—death is preferable."

"Don't give up, Sparrowhawk," said Silver Star, in tones of encouragement; "I've stood face to face with death every five hours in the last forty-eight, and yet the hand of Providence has protected—saved me."

"Well, I'll admit I am too despondent at times," said the young recluse; "I will follow your suggestion, my friend."

He dipped his paddle, and again sent his canoe gliding along the passage they had come. It now became necessary to use more precaution, for they were liable to meet Blackfeet at any turn. Silver Star, who sat in the front of the boat, kept on the alert for danger, and when about half-way back, the sound of voices fell upon his ears. He gave the alarm, and the canoe stopped. Both listened—both heard the voices. They were Indian voices.

The youths turned their boat aside, and pulled into the tall reeds, where they were well concealed from the main passage.

ed into the tall reeds, where they were well con-

cealed from the main passage.

The dip of a paddle sounded near, and a moment later a canoe, with half-a-dozen Blackfeet, passed along, going in the direction of the river. It was immediately followed by several others, loaded with Indians and plunder from the action. It seemed to our friends that all the cabin. It seemed to our friends that all must have left the swamp, and as soon as the rear boat was out of hearing, they crept from their concealment, and moved on toward the

When a few rods from the landing, Sparrow hawk began searching the by-ways and passages that the otter and musk-rats had made through the reeds. A broken stalk, or a ripple on the water, might give him a clew as to where the maidens turned out of the main passage. He felt satisfied they were somewhere in the swamp. He would have shouted to them, but was afraid of directing the savages, not only to them, but to the girls also, should they—the girls—hear and answer him. The only safe course was to search in silence; and still this

seemed a hopeless task.

Believing the savages had all left the vicinity of the cabin, the youths did not observe the precaution they would have otherwise done in their search. The frogs had resumed their unearthly music all over the swamp, which was the strong-est evidence they had that the coast was clear They searched here and there for hours. Ev-

ery passage connecting with the main channel was thoroughly explored, from one end to the other, but all with the same result. The girls could not be found. At last the moon went down, and put an end

The wind was still blowing from the south, and roared among the dry reeds as though a

Running their canoe into a clump of willows, the young men concluded to await the coming

of day.

"Well, my friend," said Sparrowhawk, as he laid down the paddle, "this is a sad and terrible night for me."

"Ay, Sparrowhawk, and for me too," exclaimed Silver Star.

"But you have lost nothing, Silver Star, while I have lost my home, my darling sister, and my little friend, Elwe."

"You know not, Sparrowhawk, what I have lost."

"Yes, I mistrust it, my friend; but of this I do not want to talk. The thoughts of it almost made me a demon-a murderer.' 'We cannot afford to be enemies, Sparrow hawk; we must find the girls, living or dead,"

said Silver Star, evasively "Of all the years I have resided here, my friend," the recluse went on, "Elwe was the first to enter our cabin, and her I carried here unconscious. You were the next, but not the last. The savages came, as you know, like a destroying hurricane. Had they not been Blackfeet, they would never have come. The Blackfeet live 'way north of here, and know nothing of the superstitious fear with which this swamp is regarded. No Sioux ever enters here. This know, and when I left the society of civilization and, with my little sister, became an exile, I selected this dismal place for my home. Here have I lived, hunting and trapping for a living, and going occasionally to the post for supplies and to barter my pelts. But I also went in dis-

'I am surprised, Sparrowhawk, to hear you -a mere boy like myself—talkin' of bein' an ex-le. It must be you are such from choice—from

our own free will.

'No, it is not; I am under a cloud, Silver ar," he answered, a slight tremor shaking his oice, "and you have caused me more fear and asiness than all the red-skins "You astonish me, Sparrowhawk—you have said this before; and yet I am as innocent of

born."
"I believe you, Silver Star. I know you to you know it have been my enemy, and yet you know it

any intended wrong toward you, as a child un-

"There is some mystery about you, Sparrow-hawk, I see, plain enough," remarked the Boy Knight.
"Yes, I will admit it, Silver Star; and yet I dare not tell you what it is. Were it not for my poor, innocent sister and—and, well, one other fact, I would not care a farthing. But great heavens! were Hellice to know all, it would kill her—kill her dead, Silver Star!" "Sparrowhawk!" suddenly exclaimed Silver

day, can we "No, surely not," replied Sparrowhawk, rising to his feet, and looking around him; "but my God! the cabin and the swamp is on fire!

Silver Star rose to his feet, and looked southward over the swamp. The cabin of the re-cluse, surely enough, was wrapt in a sheet of flame, while along the south side of the swamp the reeds, dry as tinder, were on fire. And fanned by a strong south wind, the flames were rolling and leaping toward heaven like flery de-mons possessed. Blue, black smoke, filled with

millions of sparks, went boiling and bursting upward into the inky sky.

It was an awful spectacle, and the light falling upon the faces of the two wretches, gave them the pallor of death.

"Oh, my Lord! where are they?—Hellice and Elwe?" burst from the Boy Knight's lips.
As if in answer to the question, a wild, terrified expression. fied scream came over the swamp, mingled with the roar of the rolling, seething billows of

The two, Silver Star and Sparrowhawk, ex-nanged glances. They could not speak. They changed glances. They could not speak. They istened; but they heard nothing more save the consuming fire.

Seating themselves they took up their paddles

and began their flight.

CHAPTER XVI. THE SURVEYORS' CAMP.

"YES, Kitsie," said Old Arkansaw, as he and Kit Bandy made their way back from the river into the woods, "that wife o' yourn is a treasure—a genius. What woman ever born 'd 'a' thought of makin' a canoe of her ambrilla, and sailin' out across a roarin' river?"

"Oh, yes; she's a jewel in your eye, Arkansaw, but if you'd 'a' had a red-hot skillet flapped over your head or a tater-masher driven into your diogony as often as I have, you couldn't see anything smart in the old catapult that done the violence. Oh, I honestly wish the Ingins' d skulp her, dash her old picters; but instead o' that she's act'ly bein' pompered up and courted by that old rip of a White Crane. He's even promised her the position of queen if she'd give up the white people entirely. Lordy! what a queen she'd make! Knock the socks offen Queen Victory of France. She's a doctor, and that's what makes the Ingins like her. She really does know somethin' bout pills and sich, and has brought more'n one buck Ingin out o' the kinks a-flyin'. Oh! she's a sort of a goddess, and a free character 'mong them, and's haydoogins of friends. But she can't stand it always. She'll flap her heel ag'in' the bucket some of these days, and then she'll call on Peter at the gates o' Parodise."

"Ah! you think she'll be an angel, do you?"

"She'll go through if she takes a notion in spite o' the doorkeeper's club. She's a will o' her own, has Sabina, and alers makes a way; and I reckon she'll foller me upon earth and off."

"If she follers you, Kitsie, after you leave this hemisfear, she'll catch blue-blazes, now mind."

She'll foller if she takes a notion, brimston or no brimstone; but mebby the devil and I both can head her off. But, lookey here, Arky, suppose you and me visit that surveying party camp and see what they're doin'. Somehow' camp and see what they're doin'. Somehow' other I can't reconcile myself to Surveyo Braash and Scientific Daymon. Thar's plenty of royal ole cussedness crappin' out o' their eyes; but, arter all, everybody ar'n't villains because they're not as handsome and lovely and severybody are supplied to the suppli and sweet-spirited as you and me, Arky.

and sweet-spirited as you and me, Arky. Do you know that?"

"That's so, Kitsie; but thar's Silver Star that we must look arter, too; and, also, that dasted young feller with the sparryhawk cap and feather jacket. He's got that gal Elwe, 'bout which Silver Star talked so much; and, for some reason or other, he's threatened the life of the Boy Knight. I've an idea sneakin' under my skulp, Kit, that that Sparryhawk's not the clear quill."

"D'ye think so, Arkansaw? Why? State yer reason, will ye?"

"On account o' his mysterious comin' and goin'. Now none o' us knows a dasted thing 'bout where he belongs; and I've heard it loudly hinted that he's the leader of a gang o' robbers, and that his handle is Osman, the Outlaw."

"Great horn that pulled old Jericho! D'ye think thar's a shadder of truth in it, Arky?"

"Couldn't swear that thar is, but my own

think thar's a shadder of truth in it, Arky?"

"Couldn't swear that thar is, but my own suspicion's what hinted it to me. A mule's heel's not always stationary when the mule's asleep, Kit Bandy; so keep that in your pipe."

Thus conversing the two old bordermen pushed on through the forest in the direction of the surveyors' camp, and in the course of a few hours they came in sight of the place. It was located in a natural defensive position, and commanded a view in all directions. It was situated upon a high hill or knoll sloping off in all directions. The sides of this knoll were barren of vegetation, smooth and covered with a sandy of vegetation, smooth and covered with a sandy soil; but upon its crest grew a little clump of trees and in among these the surveyors had

pitched their camp.
Without any hesitation Old Arkansaw and
Kit Bandy ascended the hill and entered the where they were met by Surveyor Braash and his men.

The scouts took in the camp at a glance. There were about fifteen men of different nationalities, and some of forbidding looks, in the party. All were armed to the teeth and looked as though they would as soon fight as eat. A wagon of the heavy military pattern, four draught mules and some twenty fine-looking saddle-borses and some twenty fine-looking saddle-horses and equipments comprised their outfit. As evidence of their business, there lay at one side a surveyor's staff, a compass, a theodolite, a Gunter's chain and pins, a flag-pole and other things pertaining to a first-class outfit of a

other things pertaining to a first-class outfit of a surveying party.

"I am glad to meet you again, gentlemen," said Herman Braash, "and hope you will accept of the hospitality of our camp as long as you feel so disposed."

"Thank you, strangers," replied Bandy; "we're great guns for fun and good eatin'. We may, and we may not stay here awhile with you—jist owin' to the weather."

"I desire, gentlemen," said Professor Daymon, "to secure the assistance of one of you a few minutes in helping me make up the topography of this country. Whichever is the best acquainted with this vicinity will please step into my tent."

kit Bandy motioned to Arkansaw to go with Kit Bandy motioned to Arkansaw to go with him, so the old scout followed him into the tent. The first thing the professor did was to take from an innocent-looking camp-chest a bottle of liquor and a small goblet and invite Arkansaw to drink. The old man touched the liquor lightly, and Daymon, after drinking himself, took a small, portable secretary from his chest and opening it drew a well-executed map of the White Earth river country therefrom. This he spread out before Arkansaw, and then said:

I presume you can read and write, can you,

Arkansaw?"

"Sorry to say, perfesser, that I don't know 'B' from bull's foot. I used to have a hang of the letters, but as it alers seemed a waste of the raw material to be thinkin' 'em over, I let 'em slip and filled up my noggin with some good, useful reseats for burns, curin' peltries and gich "

"Well, I don't know as the want of a know-ledge of the alphabet will hinder you giving me just as much information as though you had the learning of Humboldt. This map, now, em-braces this country so far as the geographical dimensions are concerned; but many of the prominent features of the region are not indi-cated by location, and as we have to make a complete report, even to minute details, we must have the information to make it upon. To trayed the country over would require much travel the country over would require much time and labor, and so we decided to call some one already acquainted with the lay of the land, at the arrive case."

one already acquainted with the lay of the land, as the saying goes."

"Yes, yes," said Arkansaw, gazing upon the map; "but what river's that, perfesser?" he said, pointing to a red line running north and south across the map.

"That's not a river, but an isothermal line, Arkansaw," explained the professor, smiling at the old man's childlike ignorance; "but now, let us commence at the Sioux village and follow east down the river: what are the general features of the country?"

"Wal, professor, I'm not very handy in making g'ography, but then I'll tackle it best I know how. Arter leavin' the Sioux village the country, for a ways, is level and lightly timbered, but after it gits into the vicinity of the Spirit Swamp it's tumbled up wuss than a trundlebed, and kivered with stanted pines and grubs, till ye can't rest. Then comes the Spirit Swamp—a nasty dismal hole; put her down, perfesser. Thar's more'n five hundred acres of it, and nothin' but reeds and willers, and frogs grow and ripen there."

"Is it accessible by foot or by canoe?" asked

ripen there."
"Is it accessible by foot or by canoe?" asked

"Is it accession by foot or by cancer asked the professor.

"They say it's navi-gate-able for cances, tho' I can't say sure enough for g'ografy. You see the swamp bucks up against the north side of the river; put it down, perfesser; and a cance could enter it from the White Earth. But as it's said to be the abode of spirits and goblins, put it'down, perfesser, that Old Arkansaw Abe, who's not afeard to face death and distruction, could not be hired to enter it in broad daylight."

"Then you have never explored the swamp?"

"Then you have never explored the swamp?" asked Daymon.

"Explored it? Heavens. I'd as soon think of explorin' purgatory. Why, perfesser, when I pass along the river whar the Spirit buckles on to her, I feel cold and chokish. It seems as though the wind is always blowin' over the swamp, and sich a roar as them reeds make—why, I sw'ar it would make the ha'r raise on a dead nigger's head. Oh, a dasted bad pill is the Spirit Swamp; put her down, perfesser."

For fully an hour Arkansaw continued his description of the country, and when Daymon had obtained all the information of this character desired, he turned the conversation upon other topics. The weather, the hunting, the Indians—all were fully discussed; and finally Daymon remarked, incidentally:

"We were all wonderfully worked up the other night, when encamped south of here, by the appearance of a dark spot against the clear sky. Many were the conjectures as to what it was, but none was right, for it proved to be a balloon. It was going north, and appeared to be settling toward the earth; but what become of it I know not."

"That was the night of the twenty-fust."

it I know not.

"That was the night of the twenty-fust, wer'n't it?" asked Old Arkansaw.
"Let me see," said the professor, reflectively.
"I believe it was—yes, it was the night of the twenty-first; I remember now. Did you see it?"

"No, but Silver Star, the Boy Knight of the Peraro, did; and that's not all. The balloon was nighly down when he see'd it, and he heard the ballooners quarrelin' like man and wife 'mong themselves 'bout somethin', and presently he saw a bundle let down from the balloon with a saw a bundle let down from the balloon with a rope. Then up went the air-boat, and the fellers begun to quarrel ag'in, and presently the boy saw somethin'—well, it was a man—thrown out o' the balloon and come screamin' down through the air, and strikin' the ground, was mashed into a lump of red liver. And that bundle, perfesser, turned out to be the sweetest little gal—so Silver Star said—you ever see'd."

"Good heavens! do you believe it, Arkansaw?"

saw!"
"Yes; Silver wouldn't lie."
"What became of the girl?"
"Well, Silver took charge of her—put her on his hoss and started to the fort; but the Ingins got after 'em and he sent her on to the fort, and he dodged off afoot. But alas! the hoss come through all hunky, but thar was no gal on his back."

"You don't tell!" exclaimed the professor; then Silver Star doesn't know anything about

"No, I know he don't."
"Do you have any idea where she is, Arkan-

"If you can find the den of one Sparryhawk, a young trapper, or hunter or somethin', I think you'll find the gal there. I heard him tell a per-

son so, and— At this juncture Arkansaw caught the eye of Kit Bandy who was standing near, and who gave the scout a look that expressed more than words could have done. However, to get around an abrupt break in his honest revelation of facts,

he went right on.

"But that Sparryhawk is a crazy loon that imagines hisself lord of creation and cock of the fodder-walk. My 'pinion is, that the gal dumped out of the balloon's deader'n Mother Eve, perfesser."
"Very likely," replied Daymon, making an

entry in his diary.

The two conversed a few minutes longer, then

The two conversed a few minutes longer, then rose and went out, when a general, running conversation ensued. Presently Daymon and Braash left camp in opposite directions, but managed to get together on the suth side of the grove. But of these movements Bandy and Arkansaw appeared to take no notice.

Kit walked about camp examining, with a childish curiosity, the surveying instruments and outfit; and finally he strolled off toward the north side of the motte, and took a look at the country beyond. Over among the wooded hills he saw a smoke rising as from a camp, and it filled his mind with no little wonder and curiosity.

While pondering the matter over he heard a While pondering the matter over he heard a slight, fluttering sound at his right, and looking around he discovered a red flag attached to a bush flapping in the wind. And he had no sooner discovered this than he saw a horseman emerge from the woods in a line with the smoke over among the hills, and ride toward him. It did not require a second glance to tell him that it was an Indian, and as he came nearer, Kit saw, to his surprise, that it was a Blackfoot

saw, to his surprise, chief.

"Wal, now, what's brought the Blackfeet away down hereaways?" the old man mused.

"Horn of Joshua! if the Si-oxes git wind of it, they'll bounce 'em like ducks would a June-bug. And the bugger is comin' right smack up this way. Who knows—"

"The sound of footsteps cut short his soliloguy,

way. Who knows—"
The sound of footsteps cut short his soliloquy, and turning he saw Professor Daymon approach-

ing.
"Perfesser," he said, pointing toward the Indian, "what does that mean? Can you explain it?"

By gracious! it's an Indian, isn't it?" exclaimed Daymon.
"Yes, a Blackfoot chief," responded Bandy,

"Yes, a Blackfoot chief," responded Bandy, eying Daymon.

"Well, he mustn't enter our camp," said Daymon, "and count our force, or he might give us trouble. I will go out and meet him, and find out what he's after."

Daymon advanced from the thicket and moved down the knoll until he met the Indian. The latter dismounted and the two held a long conversation, keeping the horse between them and Kit. Finally the chief mounted and rode back toward the woods; and as the professor approached Bandy, he said:

"I coaxed the vagrant and cutthroat to go back for fear the boys would raise his hair."

"What's the Blackfeet doin' down here, two or three hundred miles out of their own lati-

or three hundred miles out of their own lati-

He says a few of them came down to hunt buffalo, but I don't believe him. I think they're looking up Sioux scalps."

"Neither do I," responded Kit, in a tone that caused the professor to look up as if in doubt as

to what he meant. The two returned to camp, talking as they

Dinner was soon announced by a strapping big negro cook.
Upon invitation, Kit and Arkansaw broke bread with the surveyors.
After the repast was over the old scouts concluded to take their departure, and as they were not urged to stay, they had no difficulty in get-

not urged to stay, they had no dimenty in getting away.

When out in the woods, Old Arkansaw asked:

"Well, Kitsie, my posey, what do you think of the surveyers?"

"Not quite as much as you do, for I didn't tell'em everything I knowed, and guess at what I didn't know, as I heard you doin'. Oh, by the time you've served a term or two of married life you'll be a leetle more keerful how you

life you'll be a leetle more keerful how you shoot off that lip of yourn."

"Don't you think they're surveyers, Kit! Haven't they got their compass, and chains, and flag-poles, and kind words, and good treatment, and all sich! humph! say, Kitsie!"

"Yes, and didn't Judas have a kiss for our Savior when he betrayed Him? humph! say, ou'll be a leetle more keerful how you

Arkansaw?"

"Oh, well, if yer goin' to quotin' Skripter and usin' of metafysics, I ar'n't thar, Ka-ristopher. My book-l'armin's not very plentiful, and so if ye want to run with me, you've got to talk solid sense right at me. But I can fetch one, Kitsie, that can hold you level on the talk till the cows come home—that can read and talk on any subject from matrimony to a Bab'lonian inscription."

Your confidant, Professor Daymon, ehi "No, that old honey-mug of yourn, Sabina

Bandy."
"Oh, Arkansaw! you're a fiend—you delight in torturin' me—you're second cousin to old Sa-

tan."
"Thanks for the rose-tinted complishment,

Kitsie; but all jokin' aside, I struck a lead in Skinflintic Daymon's tent by stretchin' the blanket a leetle and bein' communicative."

"Indeed?"
"Yes, sir; he took out a map of these diggin's "Yes, sir; he took out a map of these diggin's and axed me if I could read. I told him no, but I meant that I couldn't read Hottentot, and then he showed me the map. The fust thing that 'rested my 'tention was a red line runnin' north and south across the map, and I axed, innercently, what river it war, and says he, smilin': 'It's not a river, but an icythermule line,' or some sich a name. But right thar, Bandy, is whar the little eddycation, that I had mauled into me at the Brimstone Holler school-house, come into play. Right along that red line it said: 'track of the balloon.'"

"Horn of Joshua!"

"Yes, sir; that's what she said, Bandy, and it's my solemn opinion that Skinflintic Daymon's the man that run that balloon that Silver Star got the gal out of. He talked about the

mon's the man that run that balloon that Silver Star got the gal out of. He talked about the balloon—said they all see'd her pass over 'em; but somehow 'r other I couldn't swaller all he said after he lied 'bout that icythermule line. Now how's that, Adonis of beauty?"

"Wal, that's been my opinion, all along, of them. They may be government surveyers, and all that, but that doesn't hinder 'em from bein' rascals. Government has lots of sich server.

bein' rascals. Government has lots of sich servants," said Kit.

"Wal, I mean to look around that Blackfoot camp, and keep an eye open," declared Arkan-

saw.

"Second the motion, Arkansaw, for I think thar's a chance for haydoogins of fun atwixt this and to-morry night. Thar's a nigger in the wood-pile, somewhere."

"The fust I do 'll be to reconnoiter that Blackfoot camp when night comes, and see what relation it bears to the surveyers' camp; and if thar isn't some skulps to be h'isted. And it might be sich a thing that Silver Star's in their clutches." their clutches.

"Well, while you're doin' the Blackhoof camp, I'll run up and interview the Si-ox hor-Hate to lose your comp'ny, Ka-ristofer. "I'll meet you round these diggin's in a day or two—mebby sooner. You may expect me down on you at any moment."

The two old bordermen parted, Bandy going vest, and Arkansaw, by a circuitous route, going in the direction of the Blackfoot camp. The latter did not hurry, for it was some time until night, and darkness was necessary for a ssful reconnoissance.

When night at length came, he pushed forward and soon came in sight of the camp. A dim camp-fire marked its location, and with the stealth of a shadow he crept toward it until he had gained a point where he could command a good view of the place. He counted not less than thirty Blackfoot warriors and two white

than thirty Blackfoot warriors and two white men. One of the latter he would have sworm was Professor Daymon, of the corps of surveyors, although he might have been mistaken. He saw that the Indians were making preparations for breaking camp, and that the white men were directing their movements and assisting in packing up. The savages were all painted and plumed for the war-path, and when they at length took their departure, Old Arkansaw could not imagine what point they were aiming for. To satisfy himself, however, he resolved to follow them, and by the time the last savage was out of camp, he was upon their trail—following within hearing distance behind.

For some time they journeyed on through the

For some time they journeyed on through the woods, but finally reached the shores of the White Earth river, where a halt was made. A wide, sandy beach separated the river from the woods, and this enabled Arkansaw to see all their movements. He was surprised to see a number of canoes, large and small, lying upon the beach, and he was still more surprised when he saw the savages launch the boats and embark

"Whar can the demons be goin'?" he asked

Across the river lay the Spirit Swamp, and as if in answer to his question, the envoy of savages paddled over the stream and disappeared in the dark labyrinths of the black, dismal

"The bloody bastions!" exclaimed the old scout to himself, "they're goin' to explore that swamp. Than's deviltry on foot, or else they're swamp. Thar's deviltry on foot, or else they're doin' it in the interest of science and g'ography. By the eye of Jupiter! I wonder, if in givin' that Skinflintic Daymon the lay of the land, and in lescribin' Spirit Swamp, I have made an infer-nalated jassack of myself, as Old Kit intimat-ed? Great Goshen! I'll swan if I had a canoe d foller'em, if I got completely abolished aforegot out o' thar."

I got out o' thar."

Thus musing, the borderman kept his watch by the shore—waiting for the red-skins to return. Two hours or more had passed, when suddenly the report of firearms, mingled with savage yells, came rolling over the swamp.

"My good Lord of Israel!" said the scout, "the demons have found the retreat of some one—are murderin' and skalpin' innercent people and Lold blockhead and issasck am to

ple, and I, old blockhead and jassack, am to blame for it all! I thought I was so smart tel-lin' all I knowed and hintin' at what I didn't know! Great Judea! just listen! It's a regu-lar battle."

For some time the sound of conflict rung over the water, then all became silent. But Arkan-saw still kept his watch by the river, and pre-sently saw a canoe glide out of the swamp into the stream. It contained two occupants, whom the old scout recognized as Sparrowhawk and Silver Star, the Boy Knight. He was about to call to them, when, to his surprise, he saw a dark,

call to them, when, to his surprise, he saw a dark, round object emerge from the woods, and pause just within the moonlight.

"By Judas!" he exclaimed, "that's that infernal Silent Slayer, and I'd give all my right and title in the sulphur regions if I could git one squint behind the critter's black shield. I'll be switched if it isn't queer."

As he concluded his remarks, he turned his cause toward the swamp just in time to see Sil

eyes toward the swamp, just in time to see Silver Star and Sparrowhawk glide back into the wilderness of reeds.
"I reckon," he thought, "them young cocka-

"I reckon," he thought, "them young cockalerens have made up, or they wouldn't be prancin' round in their gondola so gay; and I'll bet a coon-skin that Sparrowhawk lives in that swamp, and that he's been Blackfooted out. But whar's that gal I heard him tellin' Nathelah about? Ah! that Nathelah! I'll bet she's a fraud—taken Sparrybird in handsomely."

Another hour went by, and the next thing that attracted the old borderer's eye was a beam of light that shot suddenly into the sky from near the center of the swamp, while almost at the

the center of the swamp, while almost at the same instant a dozen other red lights flamed up along the south side.

Full well he knew what it meant—the savages Full well he knew what it meant—the savages had fired the swamp.

He watched the light. It grew brighter and brighter. Higher and higher the flames rose. Deep and dense the smoke rolled upward, with forked tongues of fire bursting out of it.

"Oh, salvation! somebody's goin' to be eternally roasted!" groaned Arkansaw; "and nobody's to blame but me—ah! there, by the wives of Solomon!"

This exclamation was caused by sight of a This exclamation was caused by sight of a number of canoes that came gliding from the swamp into the river. In the foremost one he saw two women, evidently captives. Of this there could be no doubt, for the light of the burning swamp lit up the surface of the White Earth with the glare of the noon-day sun, revealing the very features of the savages in the boots.

The red-skins paddled across the river, and landed a few rods above where Arkansaw stood. landed a few rods above where Arkansaw stood. Here they held a short consultation, when about half of them, with the two captives, re-embarked in the canoes, and turning down the river paddled out of sight. As they passed before him, Arkansaw saw that the captives were young girls, and he felt certain that one of them was Elwe, of whom Silver Star had told him. The savages that landed took their way back toward their camp in the woods, and Arkansaw again found himself alone, waiting and watching for the Boy Knight and his companion.

The fire, by this time, had spread down to-

ward the river, and flung its red beams across the water against the black wall of the forest trees. It shone full upon the old man's face with

a white, garish light.

"Great Jehoviah!" he finally exclaimed; "I do wonder if Silver Star and Sparryhawk'll git roasted in that lake of fire? Mighty Moses! that is a grand, awful and—"

He felt something touch his belt, and looking around, he saw a great bony hand lift his knife and revolver from his belt from behind. A cry burst from his light, and furning orders.

A cry burst from his lips, and turning quickly, he found himself face to face with the Sioux chief, White Crane. chief, White Crane.

Silent as a shadow had the renegade approached and taken the weapons from Arkansaw's girdle, while he stood awe stricken by the fiery spectacle before him. But the instant their eyes met, the old scout's fist was aimed, with lightning quickness at the face of the chief; but the latter was on his guard, and warding the blow, he clenched with his white foe.

And together the two went down in a hand-to-hand struggle—locked in each other's embrace like maddened tigers.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 410.)

Work and Play.

TABLE-COVERS, ETC.

EMMA S. For your sitting-room table-cover, sewing-machine rug and sewing-chair cover, get heavy gray flannel. Line the table-cover with some soft-colored goods and quilt in diamonds upon the machine with scarlet, blue, orange, or any bright-colored silk that will match the color any bright-colored sink that will match the color you wish to introduce into the border. The border is formed of a wide strip of gay flannel pinked on each edge, a narrower strip of gray flannel pinked on each edge laid upon that and stitched on close to the pinking with the gay silk. Then embroider the center of the gray silk. Then embroider the center of the gray silk. silk. Then embroider the center of the gray narrow strip with fancy embroidery stitches in floss. Worsted fringe or a tiny pinked edge of the gay flannel forms the edge. The sewing-machine rug is made in the same way, and lined with oilcloth to make it stay in place. It should be large enough to protect the carpet from oil and threads. If your sewing-chair is wooden, or cane, make a long strip of the two flannels, finishing the short ends with fringe, and throw this strip over the back of the chair, having it long enough to come over the front of the seat. If your chair is a stuffed one, cover it to match If your chair is a stuffed one, cover it to match the table-cover and rug.

FLOOR COMFORTS. JENNIE. It really is much better to have bedroom floors painted or stained to imitate dark wood, with rugs placed before the bed, bureau, washstand, etc., than to have earpets. The rugs can be taken up weekly and be thoroughly aired and the floors washed; thus the sleeping-room, which should be the healthiest of all apartments, kept sweet and clean. Elegant rugs may be made by cutting waste pieces of Brussels carpet into strips an inch and a half wide; ravel out the yarn and sew it in tufts to a piece of strong kitchen toweling the size you wish to make your rug. Have about an inch between the rows of tufts. Line the rug and put a fringe about it. rug. Have about an inch between the rows tufts. Line the rug and put a fringe about it.

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GRANDEST GIFT OF THE AGE.

THAT EARLY MUSTACHE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

What tongue can tell the joys that fill The heart of young man Dash When 'neath his nose the first fuzz shows Foretelling a mustache!

He's prouder than the richest man Could be with heaps of cash Over that brown first streak of down— That ghost of a mustache.

Some day the girls will praise its curls. Oh, frost, be not too rash, And touch one hair of promise there And spoil that dear mustache!

A looking-glass he cannot pass, Even though there'd be a crash, For light and dark he looks to mark The growth of that mustache.

How very slow it seems to grow!

Ask if that's dirt, and he'll feel hurt, And both his eyes will flash; The yield, indeed, shows but scent seed Planted for that mustache.

He drinks cold tea for fear that he Might scald and bring to smash That little crop upon his lip He calls "his dear mustache."

He longs to see the time when he Can twist it in a lash And lay it there across his ear— The prided, loved mustache. It never lacks for brush and wax,

For this he spends some cash But horrors, oh, how very slow Waxes that dear mustache!

Pride of his heart! The barber's art Is now invoked by Dash To cultivate and irrigate That fungus-like mustache.

The barber smiles and puts on oils-Dyes warranted to wash, And with many an oint-ment doth anoint That delicate mustache.

And though this youth, in very truth, is large from eating hash, 'Tis plain to see how much is he Wrapped up in that mustache!

Post and Plain:

Rifle and Revolver in the Buffalo Range.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ. II.

HOW TO SHOOT A PISTOL.

When we stepped outside on the paradeground of the fort we found that the snow had ceased, while the wind was blowing from a different quarter. The heavy gray clouds were scudding across the sky, low down, and the western horizon showed some patches of blue.

"We shall have a regular nipper to-morrow," announced Bullard. "A north-west wind on the plains is no joke, I tell you. The thermometer will be down to ten below zero, at least. Later in the season it will sink to forty."

"And how do you manage to keep warm?" asked Moore.

asked Moore. asked Moore.

"Oh, it never blows hard when we're down at forty. I'd sooner have a still day with forty degrees than a north-wester with ten. It doesn't cut you to the bone. However, we'll not borrow trouble if we can help it."

row trouble if we can help it."

We passed across the parade-ground, which was now dotted with figures. The men were coming out of their quarters and beginning to snowball each other, while officers were strolling from one house to another. We noticed that in the garrison every one wore some sort of uniform, and that the blue great-coats were universal.

we made our way toward the stables, along a We made our way toward the stables, along a path which had already been made by the garrison snow-plows. On the way we passed several officers, and in each case we had to stop and be introduced all round, a ceremony conducted with a great deal of bowing and hat-lifting, for officers of the army are above all things polite. Two or three joined us when they heard where we were going, and we soon reached the garrison

practice-ground.

This lay in rear of the long rows of stalls that composed the cavalry stables, and it proved to be a corral, which had lately been occupied by cattle and horses. Bruce told us it was the ex-ercising-ground for the morning gallop of the

It had been agreed beforehand that Captain Bullard, who had the reputation of being the best pistol-shot in the garrison, was to instruct those of us who were deficient, and Miles— Bruce's orderly—followed us with a heavy box

of ammunition "Now, gentlemen," said the captain, as we stopped before a board target about six feet square, "I suppose you all know that there are two distinct kinds of pistol-shooting. We do the one with a big pistol and a long cartridge, anywhere from fifty to a hundred and fifty yards, and it's just the same as rifle-work. You have to bring your sights on a line and hold them there, being careful not to pull off. Miles, go and nail up a target."

Miles went to the board fence and nailed up a paper target just like those we had used at Littleton for shot-gun practice.

"Now, gentlemen, fire away," ordered Bullard. "One shot apiece; and I'll bet a dollar no one makes a bull's-eye at fifty yards."

This proved quite correct. The two-inch circle of black which formed the bull's-eye was nothing but a black speck at fifty yards. gentlemen," said the captain, as we

moore was the first to fire, taking slow, deliberate aim at arm's length. Miles, who stood near the target in a pit, put out a long pointer and marked the shot in the paper, just at the

charley Green followed, and got on the target a little nearer. Old Mart then advanced and put in a bullet within some three inches of the bull, and the rest of us had about the same fuck, all on the target, but none nearer the bull than four or six inches, while most of us were at the edge of the paper.

Then Bullard began to speak:

Then Bullard began to speak: "You see, gentlemen, yonder is a two-foot target, covering more space than the vitals of any man in this crowd. If you can't hit a twenty-inch circle every time, you can't drop a man except by a chance shot. I notice you all shoot the same way at arm's length. The line is the same way at arm's length. shoot the same way, at arm's length. That's all very well for quick shots at short range, but it won't do for accuracy. Look here."

He was standing with his left side toward the

target as he spoke, the pistol dangling loosely in his right. We heard the click of the locks, and the next moment Bullard threw up his left elbow as high as his face, resting the thumb and fin-gers of his open left hand on his breast. Up came his pistol hand, and the barrel of the weapon rested on the raised elbow of the marksman. Hardly taking any aim he fired, and Miles's pointer came out of the pit and rested just un-

der the bull's eye.

"I didn't expect to hit the bull that time," said Bullard. "I was only showing you how to aim quickly and accurately. You see it took me less than three seconds to fire, and I came nearer the bull than any of you gentlemen, who aimed slowly and deliberately. Some of you took nearly half a minute to fire. You can shoot as well as I can, if you will just alter your position; that's all. Now, Mr. Moore, you take a shot. Observe me again, and then try. I raise the left elbow and put the fingers on the breast bone. That gives a hard rest with no pulse to disturb the aim. Hold your breath when you fire. You will find your front sight not a little on the factories.

with the pistol at long range," said Bullard. she crowned him she whispered: "Samson No. "Treat it as a rifle, and get all the rest you 2!" and almost choked with suppressed laugh-

ean."

We very soon found the benefit of his advice, and our shots began to cluster round the bull'seye in close proximity. Jack Moore and old Mart, who were both good rifle-shots already, as we knew, made bull'seyes, and the greenest of us found very little trouble in sighting correctly over the rest made by the left elbow. Before another round could be fired it became necessary to change the target, as the bales could no another round could be fired it became necessary to change the target, as the holes could no longer be distinguished apart. By the time it was dark we had satisfied ourselves that we could shoot straight with a pistol, and went back to our quarters with great content.

Bullard had promised to show us what he meant by "quick shooting," that evening, and invited our party into the cellar of his quarters for the nursoes.

for the purpose.

"These heavy cartridges," he explained, "go so strong, and send a bullet so far, that it's not safe to practice above ground, unless there's a dead plain and no people behind the target, or else a bank to hold the balls. I've got a target made on purpose, and I'll show you how to shoot without danger.

made on purpose, and reasons without danger.

The cellar of the captain's quarters proved to be large and deep, the walls being at least eight feet high. At one end of this cellar was a short tunnel, about six feet square, boarded in at the sides and ending in a clay-bank, with no wall to

support it.

"There, gentlemen," said Bullard; "that little gallery cost me about twenty dollars, for mason work to arch the entrance, for boarding up the sides and putting an iron plate above. No misshot can hurt any one. It's bound to go into the dirt. Now please observe this target. It is made of a thick plate of steel and rings like a bell. It is just six inches square. If you hit it, you will hear the sound. If you miss it, the bank will take all you shoot in silence." take all you shoot in silence. 'But how are we to find our misses?" asked

"You don't want any misses. This kind of shooting is different from the other. You have only to hit a six-inch target from a distance of twenty or thirty feet at the utmost. You can begin at six feet if you like, and be sure to hit every time, moving back till you get the hang of it."

And what if the pistol shoots over?" queried Charley Green.
"It will not 'shoot over,' as you call it. You are not to look at the sights at all."

"Then what are we to do?"
"I'll show you. In the first place, remember that this practice is for firing rapidly from a galloping horse at a galloping buffalo. You've no time to look at sights, and could not keep them steady if you had. You must point the pistol so that the barrel goes straight at the mark; the bullet is sure to go straight, too. You have to learn just how to grasp the stock, so that your barrel will point directly at the ob-

so that your barrel will point directly at the object. You can point your finger or a stick at
anything, straight enough. Nothing will teach
you but practice. See; I always use one pistol;
I know the grip of it. Observe."

There was but one dim candle in the cellar,
and we could just discern Bullard's target,
painted white, against the dark background of
the clay. Bullard raised his revolver and fired
the whole six shots in as many seconds, and we the clay. Bullard raised his revolver and fired the whole six shots in as many seconds, and we

"There. You see any one of those would have killed a man," he said. "Now, Mr. Moore, take your place and fire a shot. The rest follow, one after the other."

Jack Moore advanced, raised his pistol has-tily and fired. A dull thud told he had missed. "You took no aim," observed Bullard, quiet-

'But how the dickens can I aim?" asked

Moore, snappishly. "I mustn't look at the sights."
"Of course not. But the sights are not the barrel. Remember that the ball goes straight out of the barrel at this range. It's only at twenty yards it begins to drop. Imagine your barrel is a stick, and try to point it straight at the target. Take your time. Aim slowly, but don't look at the sights."

Jack looked puzzled.
"I don't understand what you mean?" he pro "Well, then, we'll try Green," said Bullard.
"Come, Mr. Green, you fire a shot. You can
commence at ten feet if you like."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 413.)

Snow Lost and Love Won.

BY HAP HAZARD.

A MINNESOTA winter day—a cold, white sun in a steel-blue sky—an ice-mirror, eight miles by fifteen, bordered by snow-clad hills—a village—a waiting "box-sleigh before the gate of a steep-roofed cottage—in the doorway, opening on a broad veranda, four pretty girls taking leave of a lady and gentleman of middle age—four gallants waiting on the steps.

"Come, girls! Come! come!" cries Tom Barton, impatiently. A MINNESOTA winter day-a cold, white sun

ton, impatiently.

One little magpie detaches herself from the chattering group, trips forward with a tread that a nymph might envy, looks laughingly into the four eager faces (having among them one undoubted and one debatable mustache, and one pair of "Burnsides" in the first stages of devel-

oment), shrugs her plump shoulders with a retty shiver, and cries: "Oh! we shall get our feet snowy!" "Not if the court knows itself!"

A pair of stout arms suddenly darted forward —there was a scream—and somebody was lifted from her feet and borne rapidly down the path and through the gate to the sleigh, in spite of

protest: Let me down, you ruffian! How dare you

lo such a thing!"

"'I dare do all that may become a man!"
aughed Tom, as he placed her among the robes.
Then there was a muffled "Oh!"—a laugh from Tom, who started back not in time to escape a box on the ear which knocked off his cap —and somebody, with very rosy cheeks and fun-sparkling eyes, was left to readjust her fur cap Meanwhile Sadie Kingsford (a "strawberry

onde!") had clapped her hands and cried:
"Oh! look at Nannie Hurst! Ha! ha! ha!" But her laugh ended in a scream, as three fierce Romans rushed up the steps, and in a twinkling, bore away each his beautiful Sabine maiden, amid blended shrill soprano and less

musical barytone.

Then there was a crash of bells, a flirt of snow, a great waving of handkerchiefs, and (when mamma and papa Barton had closed the door and gone back to the warmth of the glowing "base-burner") a happy cuddling in the warm robes. musical barytone.

Down the hill and out on the glassy surface of the frozen lake, where the throng of skaters gathered around the sleigh, some racing with the horses, some catching hold of the sleigh, some jumping upon the sides for a ride—all as happy

Shappy can be! One by one the skaters fell back, until our lit-

tle party was alone again.
First, that chubby little angel Nannie Hurst was teasing the life out of great Tom Barton. Those "Burnsides" afforded her endless amuse-ment. She would look at them with a merry twinkle in her eyes, and then bury her face in the buf-falo-robe and "just scream" with laughter un-til she was nearly suffocated, unless he pinched

her, and made her cry:
"Oh! you horrid thing!"
Secretly she thought that everything Tom did
was "about right," because it was Tom; but
avowedly there never was a more captious litbreast bone. That gives a hard rest with no pulse to disturb the aim. Hold your breath when you fire. You will find your front sight almost on the mark. Aim correctly. See!"

As he spoke, he fired; and Miles showed the white disk over the bull's-eye for the first time that day.

"That's the whole secret of accurate shooting"

"That gives a hard rest with no pulse to disturb the aim. Hold your breath tele. tease. In her own heart she plumed herself the catastrophe described.

"There is no use in stopping here," said Tom.

"There is no use in stopping here, said Tom.

"This crack must be our salvation, by giving us a fixed guide. We can mount two girls, wrapnin town. He was the champion batter in the
white disk over the bull's-eye for the first time
the barge race which had been a notable feature
in the last Fourth-of-July celebration. When

ter.

There was one question to be satisfied on which Tom would have forsworn his meerschaum, to wit: did this coquettish little sprite ever have a serious moment when she could learn to love him? To-day was not the first time, by a great many, that he had carried her in his arms; but he always got his hair pulled when he tried it. And when he asked her if she really did care anything for him, she arched her brows in mock dismay, and cried:

"Love such a great bear as you? No, indeed! I'm afraid of you!"
Next to them, along the same side of the "box," sat meek little Ruth Paxley and her gallant, Sam Gardner.

She looked at him shyly out of the corner of her eye, and blushed every time he spoke to

her eye, and blushed every time he spoke to her; and during that awful moment when he was carrying her to the sleigh she would have died of shame had not she been kept in countenance by the other girls, who were "in the same fix." Sam was a harmless young man, with a face as smooth as Ruth's own; but he wrote verses that made Ruth cry, and the head that he sketched of her was "just lovely." Opposite them Will Hurst did homage to the charms of his "strawberry blonde."

Sadie had the proverbial capriciousness of temper; but there was a steadiness in Will's gaze, when he chose to be serious, which made her stand just the least bit in awe of his displeasure, though she had never seen him mani-

fest anger.
Everybody predicted that Will would some day develop into a "solid man" in business circles. This, and the fact that he had the only full-grown mustache in the party, may have made him attractive in the girl's eyes, though there had as yet been no love-passages between

them.
Last came Ned Sawyer and the tall and rather stately Lou Barton.
Ned was slight in build, with small hands and feet, light hair, light blue-gray eyes, and microscopic mustache; he played the piano with spirit, sung in a tenor voice, and waltzed divinely. It was probably his elegance that attracted the girl. On his side, he liked Lou because she was by all odds the most stylish girl the village could boast. was by all odds the most stylish girl the village could boast.

could boast.

Any other of the village swains would have thought twice before catching this rather haughty young lady off her feet; but Ned, with a young lady's-man's self-complacency, argued that if she ("or any of her folks") took offense, he had but to take his pick among the other village belles; they would all be glad enough to cet him!

They were near the center of the lake, the nearest shore at least four miles distant, the furthest not less than eight or ten, when Sam Gardner asked:
"Isn't it getting rather dark? Hallo! it has

All looked up. The sky was a dull-gray pall of continuous cloud.

"Shouldn't wonder if we had snow," ventured Ned Sawyer. "It will spoil all the skating.
That's pleasant!" Even as he spoke, a white flake came flutter ing down, then another, and another, until the air

mg down, then another, and another, until the air was full of the feathery crystals.

"Oh! how beautiful they are!" laughed Nannie, holding up her hand to catch one.

An apprehensive look came into Tom Barton's eyes; but he laughed and said:

"Let me show you some artistic driving."

He was out from under the buffalo-robe which covered them all, and on the seat beside the driver, before Nannie had time to cry: "Tom, if you desert me like this, I'll never come out with you again!"

But the reins were already in Tom's hands, and he cut each of the spirited horses with the whip, so that they leaped forward at a breakr pace. This is fine!" cried Will Hurst, and, while

his face lighted up with keen enjoyment of the rapid motion, the girls laughed in sympathy—all but Nannie, who felt surprised and a little chagrined that Tom should leave her side, even "Hallo, Tom! Where's your head?" cried

Sam Gardner, after awhile. "You're not going in the right direction."

Hoping not to attract the notice of the others, Tom had taken a long sweep to the right, and was now heading straight for the nearest shore.

Now he replied, evasively:
"Tell me how to drive!"
Thicker and thicker descended the snow-flakes. The distant shores, only marked by patches of white oak, whose brown leaves clung tenacious-ly to their branches, or by some bluffy bank, on whose steep face the snow could find no restin place, grew faint, then undistinguishable, whi the feathery flakes increased to the size of plums. Ten minutes from the time to snow, the ice was covered an inch deep, and the eye could no longer judge over how wide a radi-Ten minutes from the time it began

is it ranged.
"By Jove! fellows," cried Ned Sawyer, "I don't like the look of this. Suppose we lose our way! The sun will be down in two hours, and this isn't going to be a summer night."

Everybody saw in a flash why Tom had taken the reins and turned to the nearest shore, urging

his horses fairly into a runaway pace.

Ruth Paxley tremulously grasped the arm of
Sam Gardner. Sadie Kingsford started forward, as if about to get upon her feet, and look ed about in the faces of all. Lou Barton turn ed toward her brother mutely. Nannie reache out her hand toward him and said aloud:

"Hallo!" cried Tom. "No losing heart We're as good as a dozen dead people yet. I loesn't make any difference where we strike the shore. We can find a farm-house inside of half an hour. Here, Jim, take the lines. You can drive as well as I can, now. All you have to do is to give the horses their own heads. They'll pull us through. Meanwhile I'll get back into the box and cheer the faint-hearts up a bit."

"It is so good of you to come, Tom," whispered Nannie, when he was again at her side,

with his arm about her, whose strong clasp sh felt could protect her from every danger. Tom tried to be as good as his word; but when they had gone an hour with no sign of land, with little or no abatement of the falling snow, and with darkness closing down upon them they stood face to face with the terrible situa

If there had only been a wind they might have kept their course by it; but the straight fall of the snow gave them no clew. They had cer-tainly lost the direction of the land, or they would have reached it before this. It was a terrible thought that the land might be on their right or left, within half a mile, and they going in a direction which stretched ten or fifteen miles without a break. If they were going in a circle— The terrible thought made them hold their breath.

And with the approach of night it was getting colder. Already the driver could scarcely keep himself warm, though he beat his hands and stamped his feet. The thermometer might fall to thirty degrees below zero before morning.

A night on the open lake meant death!

Suddenly there was a cracking of the ice, a

shock, a floundering of the horses, and a shout from the driver, mingled with screams from the

Thirty seconds later the little band stood upon the ice in a group, their sleigh hopelessly wedged in the ice, one horse down with a broken leg and the other limping badly. A crack in the ice, which had caused one side to sink down, leaving an open space of water not more than two feet in the deepest part, had frozen over, but not strongly enough to hold the horses. Hidden by the snow they had run upon it, with the catastrophe described.

ready to work like a hero, if somebody else would only lead. Ned was—rather helpless.
Ruth showed resignation; Sadie fretful hopelessness; Lou resoluteness; Nannie—she trusted

Let Sadie and Ruth ride first," said Lou. taking the arm of her escort, who now yielded to her direction.

to her direction.
"Wrap them up well," cautioned Tom, and started forward with Nannie at his side.
"Midget," he said to her, "I'd carry you, if I had a robe to wrap you up in; but without it you can only keep your blood in circulation by

walking."
"You're always good, Tom," she replied, pressing his arm; and after a pause: "Tom, we may not live to see another day together."
"Tut! tut!" began Tom; but she interrupted

It is true, isn't it?" "There is such a possibility, certainly. I suppose I may as well admit it."
"Tom, I want to tell you something. I may

never have another opportunity. Stoop down. Suddenly raising on tiptoe she kissed him on

Suddenly raising on tiptoe she kissed him on the lips.

"There, Tom," she said, "I want to tell you with my own lips, before I have lost the power, that, though I have teased you so mercilessly, I have loved you all along. Oh, Tom! I have slept with your picture at my lips, and wakened in the night and found myself sobbing with sheer happiness at the thought that you loved me best in all the world. I wish I had told you this long ago, Tom, and made you happy during the time I have wasted in tormenting you."

Why, you dear girl," murmured Tom, with "Why, you dear girl," murmured Tom, with tears in his eyes, "you have made me the happiest fellow in the world for over a year."

"Not always, Tom. I've seen pain in your eyes, sometimes, when I have plagued you. Oh! if I had been kept in such uncertainty for a year, I know I should have died!"

"Of course I always knew that you must really love me; but I confess that it is a little more satisfying to hear you say so," admitted honest Tom.

A new phase in the character of his lady-love was now disclosed to him. Who would have believed that so much tenderness lay hidden beneath such levity?

lieved that so much tenderness my muden beneath such levity?
Suddenly Tom stopped with a suppressed cry.
"What is it, Tom?" asked Namnie.
"Midget," said Tom, in a strange voice, "if
we get out of this will you marry me?"
"Oh, Tom! How can you ask such a question, on the very brink of the grave, maybe?"
said his lady-love, reproachfully.
"But will you?"

But will you?"
Yes, Tom."
When?"

"As soon as you like."
"On the first day of May? That's your birth-

day, you know."
"Yes, dear. It is good of you to think of

"Honor bright, you will marry me on the first day of May?" "Yes, Tom, if you wish it. But how strangely you talk."

you talk."

"Hurrah!" yelled Tom, and caught her up
and sealed the bargain on her lips in a twinkling.

"Hurrah!" he repeated to the others, who had
now come up with him. "There's the shore,
within a rod of where we stand. Look up! Do
you see that overhanging tree? There's not two
like that on the shores of the lake. Within a
tone throw over that hank are waiting for us a stone throw over that bank are waiting for us red-hot fire and all the cider we can drink, t

say nothing of such a welcome as only old Tim Waterhouse and his hearty old dame can give!' All looked. The bank was hidden by snow so is to be indistinguishable, but overhead the out-ines of a scraggy oak could be faintly traced, is it loomed through the gathering gloom, amid

he falling snow.
"Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted Tom again. have found present safety and happiness for life at the same time. Bear witness all, that this lady promises that if we come safely through his adventure, she will marry me on the first lay of May!"
"Yes, Tom," laughed Nannie, fairly jumping

up and down with fun, "but I didn't say what year! It may not be before the next Centennial!"

Xina.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON

XINA walked home over the crisp snow, as the first flush of the morning stained the eastern sky. She had been sitting up with a neigh bor's child, but the glow of exercise had taker the place of her fagged look as she opened the

door. A great, fragrant wood-fire burned with in, and two young men stood before it. Roth was an everyday sight to Xina, but Valdere, who had not yet put off the furs and wraps of travel, was an immediate object of grateful interest in her eyes. Handsome, aris-coratic, thoroughly at ease—Roth, poor, honest ellow! already felt keenly the contrast between

hem.
"Back so soon?" said he, brightening as he always did at sight of Xina. "I meant to have gone for you. How is Richie?" gone for you. How is Richie?"
"Well," she answered, and he knew she
meant well beyond the possibility of earthly ills

forever.

Valdere, who was not personally given to humanitarianism, found himself capable of admiring acts of mercy in others. This tall, fair girl, with her coronet of golden braids, and earnest, shining eyes, looking like St. Cecilia, claimed his veneration and respect. He had the rare faculty of seeming to sympathize, and in five minutes Xina was talking to him as ani matedly as though she had known him for

years.
"Yes, I really don't know what the neighbor hood would do without me," she laughed. "No natter what is going on, from a wedding to a child's tea-party, from naming the babies to seeing that the rheumatic old ladies have their winter flannels, I always put my finger in the pie. I don't deserve any credit. It is not true benevolence at all, but simply that I have it in my nature to work and to work with a will, and these everyday affairs happen to be the excit-ants which come in my way. It would have been all the same, no matter where I had been been all the same, no matter where I had been placed. For instance, if my sphere lay in the fashionable world, I would make more calls, see more people, know more of their hobbies, outdress and outdance any other young lady in my set. I suppose you think I am talking of things I know nothing about."

"I don't doubt your ability. I was only thinking what conquests you would make there, and how unkind of fortune to have denied us

and how unkind of fortune to have denied us such a queen. I wonder you can be contented here, when you might shine 'one above all com-pare,' Miss Yrill."

I have never even thought of it.' "Then think of it now. Mrs. Valdere has commissioned me to secure you as her guest for the season, and this visit of mine is for no other

purpose."

Mrs. Valdere, his step-mother, was Xina's cousin, but for all token she had given for years, the girl's existence might have been unknown to her. Indeed, it had been recalled to a very convenient memory by the fact that Valdere, for whom she had a motherly pride and fondness, had become entangled in an objectionable love affair. ove-affair

Whether divination or secret questioning revealed the fact that Xina was both a beauty and

vealed the fact that Xina was both a beauty and an heiress, matters not; Valdere was sent upon an unwilling mission, which had already lost every objectionable feature.

All the sunshine went out of the house of Otis Roth when Xina left it. Something, he could not tell what, but I fancy it must have been Valdere's management, had prevented him telling her all that was in his heart before her departure. It screenly caused him a quality of parture. It scarcely caused him a qualm of uneasiness; he had not a doubt of Xina, the

While she was being initiated in the mysteries of fashionable life under Mrs. Valdere's able tutelage, a small army of woodmen brought down the tall crests of the Yrill timber tract, and the Yrill mill of which Roth was foreman, ran al-Yrill mill of which Roth was foreman, ran almost night and day, converting the great logs into piles upon piles of fresh, sweet-scented lumber, and the winter wore half away before the conscientious fellow tore himself free from his duties, and made a flying trip to the city for a sight of that bright magnet which was constantly drawing his faithful heart.

The frank, unshadowed joy shining forth from his eager eyes gave Xina a pang.

"I have thought of you every hour," he said, the first moment they were alone together. "Everybody is wanting you back—I most of all."

The girl's nature did not afford a trace of co-

"You must not waste your thoughts upon me, Otis. Keep them busy upon some more profitable subject until that 'somebody' ap-pears whom fate has set aside to fill them." Her meaning was plain enough, but Roth, though warned, insisted upon having his answer in words so decisive that he had not a hope

Valdere hid a smile as he noted the change from his previous sunny countenance in one whom it pleased him to call his rival, and the suave step-mother was not blind though she expressed her regrets so smoothly. Going again so soon, Mr. Roth? I am grieved

that I cannot persuade you to remain to our little gathering to-night. I think it would gratify uncle Yrill to get a first-hand account of the manner in which Xina carries all before Otis saw the faint flush which rose in the

pearly face, saw the shy glance which answered the bright flash in Valdere's eyes, and almost groaned as he comprehended how the girl's heart had awakened since the days when her cordial liking, frankly expressed, had led him to a belief of something more.
"I am very seriously annoyed," said Mrs.

Valdere, as she caught a moment's side speech with Xina, after she had welcomed the last of her guests for the evening. "Claire Norcross is here with the Danfords. One blessing: Val is not paying her the slightest attention. My dear, won't you exert yourself to see that he

I would not interfere with his inclinations

for the world. for the world."

"Nonsense! I believe in my heart that Val's old penchant for the girl was more obstinacy than anything else. We know well enough where his preference is now. I only fear that if you withhold your encouragement he may be driven to reopen that old flirtation out of pigue."

pique."
Surely, that fear was groundless. Valdere sought Xina's side and was untiringly devoted throughout the evening. The fluttering flame of new-found happiness had never burned so clearly in her heart. Perhaps it was mingled with triumph, for Miss Norcross was a brilliant little brunette beauty, and the simple fact of winning a lover from her was in itself a subtle flattery.

flattery An interview occurred during the evening

An interview occurred during the evening unknown to any but the two participants. Claire Norcross flashed an angry and doubting look up into the cool face of Valdere.

"It appears to me that you are playing your part a little too well," said she. "So well one might fancy you really loved her."

"The very thing we want to convey, isn't it? Come, come, my darling little Claire; remember our agreement to have faith in each other. Think what I must have felt at seeing you Think what I must have felt at seeing you lavish your smiles upon that odious Reinard."
Listening to his whispered words, Claire forgot her misgivings, and never knew how far short of the truth the worst of them had fallen. Valdere knew himself for a cowardly waverer, yet deved to cover the treachery he meditated.

yet dared to cover the treachery he meditated by a twofold deceit. There was more of the passion which makes a woman's first love-dream all-absorbing and complete in the look which he bent upon Xina

next morning. She was going out early, not-withstanding the fatigue of the night.

"On an errand of mercy? How indefatigable you are! I tremble to think of the risks you take, going into those squalid places. For my sake, be careful, Xina."

He was away from home all that day. He returned at nightfall, his decision made, ready to break all the vows he had made to Claire and to lay that well-worn heart of his at Xina's feet. But Xina was confined to her room with an in disposition which increased, and two days later the name of the virulent disease she had conracted spread dismay throughout the establish

To Mrs. Valdere's lasting honor be it said that To Mrs. Valuere's lasting monor be it said that she discovered a heart beneath her worldly ex-terior, and did everything within the sphere of her duty toward the stricken girl. Coming back from the verge of the shadowy world, con-scious that a lasting blemish married the oncefair face, Xina was met by the announcement that Val had married Claire Norcross, weeks

Xina was not crushed. She went back to her nome, after a season, and quivered when Roth's ender eyes looked down into hers. "Perhaps I ought to wait," he began; "but, Xina, my heart is too full. How can I help hoping again since I know you refused Vallere?"

'He never asked me," she admitted, hum-Not all women would have made that confession, but the value of the prize coming to him at last was not lessened by it in the eyes of

Ripples.

Roth.

A NEW way of fastening on ladies' hats is to bore the top of their ears, put in gold loops, and have the hat strings tied through them.

"And that's what's the Mater," as the colege Freshman said when he attempted to pur-oin a bull-pup, and found himself confronted "Just keeping it lighted for another boy,"

is the juvenile invention when a mother sud-denly comes upon her little boy with a cigar in his mouth. An anti-profanity society exists in Barton, Me. The penalty for swearing is nearly as vul-gar as the offense—the offender is kicked by

very other member. ENAMORED writing-master (to a young lady pupil): "I can teach you nothing; your hand is already a very desirable one, and your I's are the most beautiful I have ever seen."

"AH!" said a hungry man at our boardinghouse, grabbing the celery-jar as he sat down to table, "this celery looks handsome." "Hand some over this way, then, will you?" said the other hungry man, on the opposite side of the

SOME one tells of an Ohio tavern-keeper appointed Collector of Internal Revenue, who got one day in an envelope addressed to him officially a \$500 greenback, with a slip of paper, on which was written: "Conscience money." He put the bill in his pocket-book without debate, and simply remarking: "I always did suspect that barkeeper."

It is told that Daniel Webster once gave a lec-ture before the New York Historical Society at Niblo's saloon, which his secretary and friend, Mr. Abbott, had so filled with classical allusions that he was somewhat annoved about it. at dinner on the day of its delivery, he was questioned as to what he proposed to say, and replied: "I am going to be excessively learned and classical, and shall talk much about the older citizens of Greece. When I make my appearance on Broadway to-morrow, people cost me thus: 'Good-morning, Mr. cost me thus: 'Good-morning, Mr. Webster. Recently from Greece, I understand; how did you leave Mr. Pericles and Mr. Aristophanes?